New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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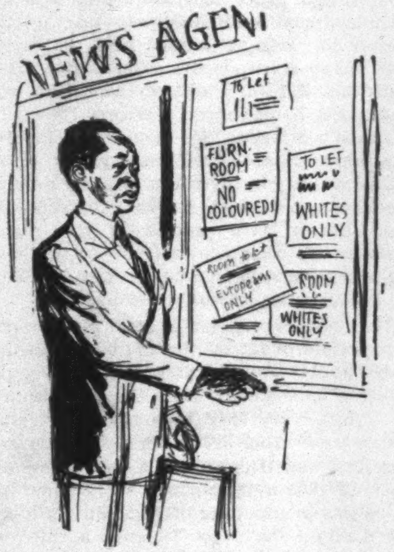

COLOUR IN
THE COLLEGES
A survey of overseas
students in Britain

★

KINGSLEY MARTIN
With Fulbright
in Little Rock

★

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER
on Montesquieu

★

ANTHONY CARSON
Lizards of Formentera

★

REYNER BANHAM
Vintage Car Cult

The Colour-Bar Bill

It is becoming increasingly clear that the government's Immigration Bill is a piece of gross discrimination against coloured British citizens, particularly from the West Indies. Indeed its purpose has never been seriously in doubt: a bill which seeks to restrict the entry to Britain of those British subjects who are poor and jobless inevitably discriminates against coloured people. Great play was at first made of the suggestion that the bill would apply also to the 70,000 or so Irish immigrants who come to Britain each year. But this was never very plausible, and it is now accepted that the government does not seriously intend to apply the main restrictions to Irish workers, who are incidentally as valuable – no more, no less – to our economy as the West Indians, but who differ from them in being white.

The contemptuous manner in which the government has over-ridden the susceptibilities as well as the rights of Commonwealth citizens is illustrated by Sir Grantley Adams's complaint that the West Indies federal government was not consulted, and even more by Mr Macmillan's astonishing admission to a Labour MP last Tuesday that he did 'not know the details of this' himself. The truth is that, apart from the moral issues which are raised for Socialists by colour bar legislation of this kind, many government supporters are now alarmed by the damage to Commonwealth relations which must follow the passing of this ill-considered bill. As *The Times* observed in an uncommonly tough leader this week, 'the damage, emotional, economic and political which [this bill] is likely to do to the already fragile fabric of the Commonwealth can hardly be exaggerated.'

To denounce the bill as being racialist in principle is not necessarily to deny the existence of a genuine social problem involving West Indians. There are some areas – very few – where discomfort and tension has arisen from a sudden increase in the number of immigrants. The new arrivals bring with them the social habits of another country and another climate; they are apt to feel lost on arrival; they tend, naturally, to crowd together in slum areas where other West Indians have already found shelter – and they do sometimes cause annoyance to those who already live there. But the other side of the story is that in coming here the immigrants serve our economic purpose as well as their own. The average West Indian comes to work; he is healthy, optimistic and of good character; he is eager to mix in with his new neighbours and learn their customs. How can any government seek to turn away such promising and much needed material for want of a little more effort in propaganda, practical welfare and housing?

The Tory government has found a particularly shameless answer. Legislation to curtail the rights of West Indians is coupled with the decision in principle to admit, under the Rome Treaty, unlimited numbers of southern Italians. Mr Macmillan thus hopes both to assuage the racial appetites of his own least admirable supporters and to facilitate a smooth entry to the Common Market by excluding one lot of unskilled labour (Commonwealth, but black) and admitting another (foreign, but European).

There are abuses, of course. If this bill were different in principle and purpose, not all its provisions would need to be condemned out of hand. The proposal that criminals should be refused entry and, in appropriate cases, deported is reasonable, subject to proper checks. The idea of some sort of health control is not intrinsically outrageous, though the detailed proposals embodied in this bill are. But the essential point, as Mr Gaitskell has correctly discerned, is simple and decisive: this bill is in intention and in fact a racialist measure. That puts it out of court. None of the abuses which do exist and which ought to be cleared up can honourably be dealt with inside the general provisions of legislation which for the first time introduces to Britain the principle of second-class citizenship for the Queen's dark-skinned subjects.

SPOTLIGHT ON POLITICS

The Liberal Dilemma

ANTHONY HOWARD

The scene was a wind-swept corner of Orkney, and the date was Saturday 10 October 1959. Mr Jo Grimond – putting the bravest face he could on a massive, collective political disappointment – had just heard the news of his own impressive electoral victory on the furthest reaches of the Celtic fringe. The problem? To know what to say to encourage the faithful and raise the faint-hearted. The Liberal leader (speaking, as his party headquarters was later quick to point out, off the cuff) made up his mind. If his party had been slaughtered like a lamb, then he at least might as well be hung for a sheep. 'I would like to see,' he cried, 'the radical side of politics make a new approach to people.' Unless, he recklessly went on, the 'progressives' and the 'radicals' got together, 'the Left may be in opposition for years and years'. The following Monday the *Guardian* gracelessly referred to 'fears of a shot-gun marriage', and the rest of the press preserved a shocked silence – almost as if someone had suddenly given a toot on a penny whistle in the midst of the solemn melody that inevitably follows general elections.

A strange aberration, an inexplicable lapse of taste or a prophetic moment? The answer even now remains obscure. In the Liberal headquarters – whence, via Colonel Frank Byers, came the first icy blast of disapproval – the tendency is still to make light of it. They are not, they would have you believe, bothered. David has only to pick up a couple more of his five smooth stones, and Goliath will lie felled on the ground. Only perhaps the gleam at the back of the occasional official's eyes argues otherwise.

For presumably the Liberals are able to understand their predicament as well as anyone else. For years and years the British Liberal Party has provided the greatest witness in the history of politics to a basic theological truth: every moment of death has been followed by a renewal of life – until one has come to believe that it really is everlasting. And yet, of course, on the present basis of British politics it cannot be.

To prove the point it is perhaps worth beginning with the Liberals' proudest boast – the 27 seats in which they were second at the last general election. To subject them to analysis seems almost cruel; for of the 27 no less than 16 are constituencies in which the Conservative vote easily exceeds the combined polls of the Liberal and Labour candidates put together (and in one more – Greenock – the same applies to the Labour vote as compared with the Liberal and Conservative total). A further three of the divisions now used to prove the case for a Liberal revival are seats which the party actually held ten years ago – and which it has since allowed to slip ever further from its grasp. And the remaining seven – the ones which really matter (Bodmin, Denbigh, Hereford, Inverness, North Cornwall, Rochdale and Torrington) – at the last election all shared one thing in common: in each case the final push proved totally elusive – in four of them the Liberal proportion of the total vote actually falling.

Since then, of course, as every Liberal revivalist would be quick to point out, things have changed a good deal. There have, for one thing, been the by-elections; in the two years between October 1959 and October 1961 the Liberals fought 16, and succeeded in coming second in six (losing, though, two deposits in the process). It is, however, not an unimpressive record, especially as all the pre-1959 momentum had to be gathered up once more. Yet again the same question suggests itself. Can it really be seriously believed that, with the exception of Paisley – which in retrospect looks more and more like another Rochdale – the party has the faintest hope of winning such seats as Harrow West, Petersfield, Ludlow or Carshalton?

The truth surely is that, though the Liberals may have been picking up 'soft' Tory votes, they have been doing it principally in precisely those areas where there is a large Tory soft under-belly which can well afford to be reduced. In the one contest where that did not apply – the 1960 by-election in Brighouse & Spenborough, where the battle was real and earnest – the Liberal Party displayed either exceptional discretion or extraordinary good manners in deciding to keep out.

And so to last week's by-elections, and it is here, in fact, that the twist comes. No one naturally pretends that the Liberals were any nearer to winning Moss Side, East Fife or Oswestry than they were to snatching victory in, say, Carshalton. But if last week the Liberal Party did not prove its grandest claim – that of being an 'heir apparent' – it at least illustrated something almost as important. For the outstanding (and neglected) fact about this month's 'little election' was surely the almost surgical precision with which the anti-Tory vote was split down the middle. In Moss Side 567 votes divided the Liberal candidate from the Labour one, in Oswestry 128, and in East Fife – where the Labour candidate came second – the margin between the two anti-government candidates was a mere 96. What is more, in each contest all three Conservative candidates were elected on a sizeable minority vote.

The Mr Grimond who two years ago had his fingers smartly rapped for words that most of his colleagues would then have liked to see blown away to the outer Hebrides may have had to wait for his vindication; but he could hardly have asked for a more vivid illustration of his argument than he was given just a week ago. And, significantly, he has not hesitated once more boldly to take up the theme. The refrain, echoed now and again over the past two years around the Town Halls and Reform Clubs of the nation, was hammered home to the Oxford University Liberals last week. 'We cannot', declared a now unrepentant voice, 'sacrifice the future of this country to the needs of party politics. We have got to draw the Left together. We have got to have progressive government again in this country'. And yet the sound of the penny dropping in even the most 'revisionist' Labour heart has still to be heard.

The reason is not far to seek. No one perhaps should underrate the terrible fright that men like Mr Roy Jenkins and Mr Douglas Jay got immediately after the last election. Their hints may have been timid, their suggestions quivering – but their meaning was only too well understood. A full 12 months later all that a triumphant Mr Gunter had to do was to announce that he had not joined the Labour Party to 'become a left-wing Liberal' – and the 1960 Labour Party conference collapsed in ecstasy and enthusiasm around his ears. One's impression is that a lot more water will have to flow under the bridges – and possibly a great deal more blood to drip on the carpet – before even Mr Jenkins remembers that before the last election he announced: 'On a whole range of foreign, colonial and libertarian issues the best and most dominant Liberals now see completely eye to eye with the Labour Party. . . . The overwhelming need is surely to canalise the anti-Tory vote into the most effective channels.'

For the moment, in fact, – despite the events of last week – the Liberals look very much like the victims of their own buoyant propaganda. They seem doomed to go on totting up their local election gains, to continue beaming over the Bacup urban district council (the solitary one which they actually control) and to maintain their expression of appropriate bashfulness whenever they are asked what seats they expect to win in the next general election. And that, of course, is the point. For even to qualify as a prospective legatee in any post-election inheritance the Liberals will have to increase their parliamentary representation; and it is still as hard as ever to see how they are going to do it.

Unless, that is, before the next election the sound is heard of some fairly gingerly footsteps from the direction of the Labour Party. At the moment there is not a foot-fall to be detected; but a few more by-elections like those of last week (will Lincoln be held in March, even if Mr Niall MacDermot does turn out to be the candidate?) and a door or two could yet, one suspects, start creaking gently open.

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NEXT WEEK

Christmas Books

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Labour and the Common Market

RT HON. DOUGLAS JAY MP

Comments on the Week's News

Labour Party

The New Look

The choice of Mr George Brown as chairman of the organisation committee of the Labour Party is a matter of symbolic as well as of practical significance. Whatever technical solution may now be found to the problem created by the illness of Mr Morgan Phillips, the key post in planning Labour's electoral campaign has been taken away from Transport House and given to the Deputy Leader of the Parliamentary Labour Party.

This is rather more than a gesture. It confirms the shift in the balance of forces within the party that has been going on for years, and that has been accelerated since Mr Gaitskell became leader. Though important trade union interests, as well as the left in the constituency parties, have continued to assert that the party conference – and the National Executive as its representative – is the ultimate seat of power, Mr Gaitskell plainly prefers the pattern of leadership which Mr Robert McKenzie has insisted already exists in fact. As far as possible, he believes, decision-making must be concentrated in the parliamentary leadership. Mr Brown's appointment is a further step in this direction.

But it is only part of the reorganisation that Mr Gaitskell seems to have in mind. He won his victory at Blackpool. He now plans to follow that up, first, by sterner disciplinary measures – Mr Ray Gunter has been put in charge of that operation – and, secondly, by building a new team which will lead the opposition in the House and control the party in the country. That is the purpose of the impending changes in the Shadow Cabinet, which will ensure that Mr Gaitskell's ideas about the way the party should be run will be carried out loyally and to the letter.

The question remains, especially after Labour's lamentable showing in the three recent by-elections, whether they will prove effective, either in rallying the party or in winning new votes for the Labour Party. Mr Gaitskell seems convinced that two things account for Labour's decline: factional squabbles and its 'old-fashioned' image. His aim is suppress one and change the other, on the assumption that the public cares as much about the power-conflicts and the structure of the party as he does. This is an introverted attitude, which also finds expression in concern about the smallest detail in Labour policy statements. But it can be argued, with at least as much cogency, that it is the Labour Party's obsession with itself, rather than with its opponents, that is the main trouble.

It has signally failed to mount a sustained or systematic attack on the Tories, even when they have been at their lowest ebb, which could prove that it is an impressive opposition. On planning, on issues of poverty and affluence, housing and education, it wastes its opportunities. But these are the issues that the public cares about. And Mr Gaitskell will be judged by the way he tackles them, not by his success in remodelling the party machine.

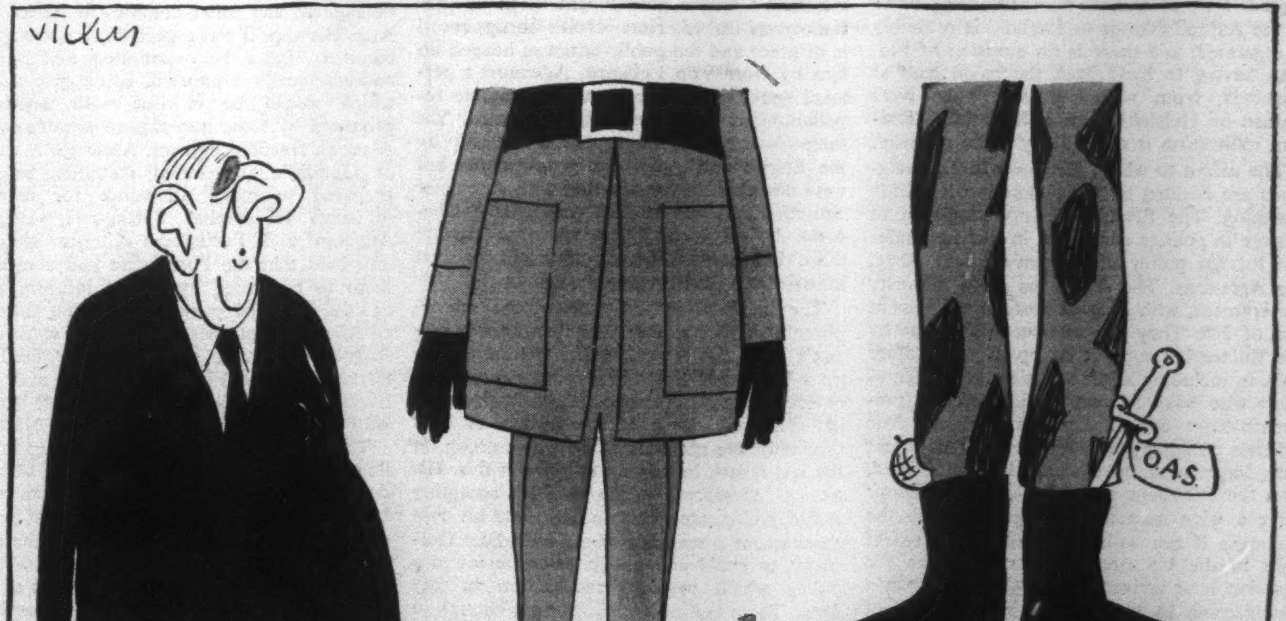
The ETU

The Communists Fight Back

The restoration of democracy in the ETU has always been a matter that ultimately must be settled by the union members themselves. All that outside opinion – and even the courts – can do is to publicise what happens within the union and to ensure, as far as possible, that the Communist machine does not eliminate its critics by fraud. The elections for the new executive underline the point. Something like 30 per cent of the members eligible to vote took the trouble to do so this time (this is a high poll in union elections) and, despite the advantages which the Communist candidates derived from their well-organised election apparatus, the anti-Communists wiped the slate.

This, however, does not mean that the struggle is over. The judgment in the Byrne case is under appeal, and other cases are pending. And the Communist majority on the present executive – which holds office until January – has used the absence of Mr Byrne in hospital as an excuse for various delaying tactics. It was not clear at first why the election results were being held up, when it was certain that the Communists would have to admit their defeat. But it now seems that their purpose was to leave as little time as possible between the results and the opening of the rules revision conference due to open at Hastings next week. In this way, the Communists reasoned, the chances of legal action to postpone the conference would be reduced: in fact, however, Mr Chapple's request for an injunction is being heard this week-end.

The importance of this conference is that it gives the Communist machine the opportunity to save something from the wreck. If, by altering the rules of the ETU, limitations can be placed on the powers of the executive and the general secretary, it will be easier for the Communists to resist a thorough housecleaning of the union after the new executive takes over in January. If the conference is held as planned, a guise of 'democratic legality' can be put on such changes; but the fact remains that the majority of the delegates were chosen while the Communist machine was in undisputed control; and there is as much doubt attaching to their election as to those Mr Justice Wynn so trenchantly condemned some months ago.



All Gaulle is divided into three parts.

Helsinki

Uneasy Neutrality

PETER DUVAL-SMITH *writes:* There are those in Helsinki who say that the Russian note of 30 October demanding consultations on mutual defence was intended partly as an election booster for President Kekkonen. Indeed, when I saw the Foreign Minister last week-end, he was cheerfully confident. This view is probably strengthened by the President's decision this week to dissolve parliament without more ado. (His term of office in any case expires in January.) In their note the Russians made the derisory suggestion that West Germany might be planning to attack Leningrad through Finland. Undoubtedly what they intended was to tell the Danes and Norwegians that Moscow looks ill on their participation in Nato; to warn the Swedes to stop selling arms to West Germany; finally, to remind the Finns that their true friends are in the East. Not that the Finns need any reminding. Their foreign policy since 1956 has been conducted according to the 'K-line,' named not after Krushchev but Kekkonen the Finnish President and Karajalainen the Foreign Minister. According to its exponents, the K-line means a willingness to conciliate the Russians so long as democratic principles are not sacrificed. When Krushchev visited Helsinki in 1959, Kekkonen told him in public that the Finns abhorred Communism and Finland would never be a satellite. Certainly she votes independently in the UN and, oddly enough, recognises neither East nor West Germany.

This is the neutrality of the Finns, but inevitably they are more neutral in one direction than the other. Finland shares an 800-mile frontier with Russia that she cannot defend. If the Russians chose to march into Finland, probably nobody would help her. The new Russian threat, however, is more insidious. Informed sources in Helsinki told me that a demand for Russian bases was not expected. Talk of Distant Early Warning bases in the Aalund Islands or Lapland is probably exaggerated, and there is no question of Finland having to hand back the naval base at Porkkala, from where Russian guns were trained on Helsinki from 1945 to 1956. Russian infiltration is more likely to be political.

The extent to which Finland's foreign relations are decided by Mr Kekkonen is a little alarming. The President is not supposed to engage in politics at all, but in fact he guides the foreign policy of the government party, the Agrarians. The Agrarians are a minority government, with only 48 seats in parliament out of 200. They are sustained in power by the fluctuating support of up to seven other parties, including at times the People's Democrats who have 50 seats. These are a Communist-front organisation, as one of their officials obligingly told me. Parliament is not only fragmented, but also apathetic and timid, and the President and his Foreign Minister have a wide mandate to negotiate with the Russians if not with the West. Their recent visit to the US (they were there when the Russian note arrived) was little more than a genuflection to traditional Finnish ideals of neutrality; though last year Kekkonen did manage a remarkable piece of horse-trading with Moscow when he got Soviet permission to enter Finland as an associate member of EFTA.

It is a question whether Finland's kowtows towards Moscow are a necessity of her continued independence. Probably they are: she is the only non-Communist European country with a major frontier with Russia. It's possible to say that it would not matter if Finland were to move gradually into the Soviet bloc; that geo-politically she belongs there. I don't believe this is so. The Finnish way of life has greater affinities with, say, Scandinavia and the Low Countries than with the USSR. This pull to the West would be stronger if it were not for the passionate patriotism of the Finns. They would rather be alone than anything else. It would be a pity if this pride led them to forget even briefly that the Russians have been their chief trouble for 1,000 years.

Bonn

The Kroll Mystery

A Correspondent writes: What exactly did Herr Hans Kroll, the German Ambassador in Moscow, say to Mr Krushchev – and vice versa? Is the incident a trivial misunderstanding or significant of a change in West German policy? The initial reaction in western circles to the disclosure of a new Soviet plan for Berlin, disclosed to, of all people, the West German ambassador, was profound distrust: this seemed to confirm rumours that the new government in Bonn would put out feelers to Moscow and that Mr Krushchev might be prepared to do a separate deal, in order to wean Germany from the West. Distrust, however, soon turned to puzzlement when the apparent terms of the exchange were revealed. The ground they covered was already familiar to those who had a transcript of the Gromyko-Rusk exchanges. Moreover, it transpired that Krushchev had not done all the talking; Herr Kroll had played his own part in the dialogue, putting forward points which had been widely canvassed in western diplomatic circles.

The key to the affair, in fact, is not what was said at the meeting but the response to the West German government when its substance was leaked. Herr Kroll's abrupt recall in disgrace and the public criticism heaped on him by Herr Von Eckhard, Adenauer's personal spokesman, amount to a complete repudiation of the views he put forward. Yet these views are, in effect, shared not only by the British and American governments but were discussed in consultation with Adenauer himself. Kroll was made a scapegoat not because he advanced these views in private talks, but because (partly through his own indiscretion) they became public.

The incident, indeed, reflects the schizophrenia of Bonn. Dr Adenauer knows perfectly well that the Allies are determined to get a Berlin settlement if Krushchev's price is reasonable; and 'reasonable', in their view, includes some form of recognition of East Germany. He also knows there is nothing, in the last resort, he can do to prevent this. His tactics, therefore, while tacitly accepting Allied policy, are to try to dissociate his own government from any sell-out over East Germany, to avoid any public commitment to a policy which involves recognition in any form. These tactics were important enough to him before the September election: they are absolutely vital now, for he is publicly committed, in writing, to a coalition treaty which specifically rules out any deal with the East Germans. The significance of the Kroll talks was that they let the cat out of the bag: here was a German diplomat discussing proposals involving indirect recognition of Herr Ulbricht, who was to be a party to a package deal over Berlin. Adenauer, therefore, had to choose between repudiating Kroll and risking a breach with his new colleagues. He chose the former – thus illustrating his own increased weakness, the new power of the nationalists in Bonn, and the added difficulties Britain and the US now face in getting a settlement.

Lisbon

After the 'Elections'

A Correspondent writes: The extraordinary precautions taken in Salazar's rubber-stamp election last Sunday betrayed growing nervousness about the stability of the regime. Between this election and the next in four years time, the most serious challenge to Salazar will be made over colonial policy both from inside and outside Portugal. Inside, the expense of the campaign in Angola, increased taxes and the fact that many young conscripts are sent to fight in a colonial war, focus attention on a subject which has hitherto remained obscure. Some 50,000 troops and police are in Angola, at least 10,000 in Mozambique.

A seminar on the problems of Portuguese colonies held in Delhi recently brought into focus for the first time the anti-colonial struggle in Angola, Mozambique, Sao Tome, Cape Verde, Portuguese Guinea and Goa, all of which were represented. Inaugurating the seminar, Prime Minister Nehru regretted that India's peaceful efforts to settle the Goan question had so far failed and reaffirmed India's right of military intervention. Goan representatives and most of the Africans showed some impatience with Nehru's remark that he had waited for 14 years and could wait even longer if there were indications that Portugal's allies would exert their friendly pressure. Kenneth Kaunda, present as an observer, urged delegates to devise practical means of helping the freedom fighters in Portuguese and other colonies in Africa and Asia. His appeal was especially to non-aligned countries. India, he maintained, and he was enthusiastically supported, could give a lead which would be in line with assistance promised by some non-aligned nations to the Algerian freedom fighters. Although a votary of Gandhi's non-violent methods, he was prepared to make allowance for extreme measures to combat Portuguese savagery. Angolan and Portuguese Guinea speakers also held that the Portuguese had compelled them to use force by pitting infantry units against unarmed people. Delegates, from all colonies except Macao, heard stories of Angolans fighting with weapons used by Portugal in the First World War and with hunting rifles, while the Portuguese fought with modern equipment supplied by Nato.

The seminar ended with a mass demonstration in Bombay, where the Prime Minister stated that 'circumstances had arisen when India had to consider the adoption of means other than peaceful to secure the liberation of the Portuguese territories in India'. The final declaration said that the freedom of Goa would be of the greatest importance and was therefore a matter of special urgency. A free Goa would end the myth of Portugal's provinces in Asia and Africa.

From Bombay to New York. On Monday, the Trusteeship Committee of the UN passed a resolution by 83 to three condemning Portugal for refusing to give information about her territories. Considerable bitterness is reported in official quarters in Lisbon that Britain and the US should have voted for the motion – the first time Britain has ever voted against Portugal. There is corresponding gratitude to France for abstention.

Tycoons

Plot in the Institute?

The annual conference of the Institute of Directors is nearly always worth a glance. For one thing, it gives away the true nature of the organisation much more vividly than those behind it can desire. The vision this year (now splendidly immortalised in an *Observer* photograph) of Lord Chandos intently lighting his cigar before thousands of reverent pairs of eyes indicated far more effectively than could reams of news-print the real composition and character of what has come to be known as 'the bosses' trade union'.

For what, of course, happens at these annual jamborees is that the cousins are summoned from the country, that for the space of 12 hours they are treated like kings, and that then they are sent happily home for another year, genuinely convinced that there really is an identity of interest between their local timber-works and the mighty AEI. The skill with which the politically militant top brass of British industry has – through flattery and the offering of status – succeeded in taking captive virtually a whole generation of struggling small businessmen deserves to be rated one of the most formidable *coups* in the whole history of pressure group politics.

That the Institute of Directors (which has run three separate Free Enterprise campaigns – one, significantly, banned by the ITA) is primarily about politics was proved again last week. So, too, was its cunning in camouflaging any conflict of interest between its humble members and its powerful ones. The speech by Mr Paul Chambers (the chairman of ICI) – in which he advocated a bundle of extreme right wing policies and coupled them with our entry into the Common Market – was heard by all the small businessmen present in a spirit of deferential approval. What none of them seem to have realised is that the plan which Mr Chambers was outlining would amount to a blue-print for cartels – in which there would be no room at all for any of the small fry.

In the drive for Britain to join the Common Market the big city interests and the bankers dominating the boards of the giant firms now seem to have come out into the open to take the initiative. Their motivation is, of course, obvious. They clearly hope that the jolt to the economy will lead to the weak, small firms going to the wall, that under the guise of 'planning' they will be able to allocate markets and adjust their investment, and finally that free immigration from Europe will lead to a weakening of the trade unions who will have to face the threat of an inflow of skilled labour from the continent (a very different matter from the largely unskilled manpower that has come in lately from the Commonwealth). If the little men from the family firms realised the implications of what such a policy is likely to mean in terms of stresses and strains for them, they certainly betrayed no sign of it. But then since neither the Labour leadership – nor the trade unions themselves – have yet awoken to any sense of danger, a multitude of subtly exploited figures on their annual outing (complete with luncheon baskets) could perhaps hardly be expected to do so.

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Time and Water

FRANCIS WILLIAMS *writes:* How do all those *Topic* millionaires look like making out now? The 'independent British Newsweekly' in which so many of them invested, you will recall, their petty cash, with a little help on the side from various members and near members of the aristocracy, has now had five issues before the public. The tough people who actually sell newspaper and magazines, the circulation managers, circulation representatives, wholesalers and retailers, who watch reading habits as eagerly as a broker watches the ticker tapes or a property tycoon local authority by-laws, still seem doubtful. Finding myself at a gathering at which many such were present the other night I took an unofficial poll. Doubt tempered by a little hope according to temperament, seemed to be the prevailing mood. The first issue was a sell-out, as was to be expected with all the publicity on radio and television it got, not to mention double-page advertisements in the *Evening Standard* and all. The 150,000 copies distributed were all sold in a matter of days – hours almost. The demand did not stick. Sales of the second issue seem at a first estimate to have been down about 50 per cent – not a bad sale for a new periodical even at that. Subsequent sales picked up in some areas, fell again in others.

Topic is a long way from the run-away success that *Picture Post,* for example, had in the legendary days when it first hit the public with an immense bang. But it is doing better, so far, than a good many other post-war efforts to persuade the public that a 'family magazine', which is how the *Topic* management like to describe their production, is now needed to supplement all that newspaper reading. I find few, however, on the selling side of the periodical business who are as yet prepared to believe that the gentlemen in the property market who put their money in it could not have done better by sticking to land, or that they have found a formula to do what none of the established publishing houses has succeeded in doing. Fleet Street, of course, is always jealous of amateurs, and I hope in this instance it is wrong. Not because I think *Topic* makes any particularly significant intellectual contribution to British life. I felt it best to give it a week or two before judging. But so far it shows little sign of doing so. But survival might encourage others.

Failure could only provide another hard reason for pigeon-holing such new ideas as are around – and perhaps for killing off one or two magazines that are still breathing – even if only just, like *To-day*. Big advertisers are also at the moment mostly cautious, content to stand on the side-lines and watch events before risking much of their own or their clients' money. If *Topic* can get the circulation it wants, it can afford to wait for them. At two shillings a week it could carry on, for a time at any rate, on sales alone. Some people believe, however, that at this figure it is in some danger of having forced itself out of its potential market at the start. The two shillings was a calculated risk. *Topic* management knew advertisers would be slow in coming in. They, therefore, opted for a price on which they could get along without them.

What has *Topic* to offer? To judge from the first few issues a bright make-up and adroit method of news presentation but not an awful lot of solid content. There are a lot of words. But most of them are rewritten – and too many of them one suspects rewritten from newspaper cuttings: at any rate they read like it. I personally dislike this sort of anonymous desk journalism. Even *Time, Topic's* begetter and master, I find mostly too boring to bother with. But if it is to be done at all, it has to be done well – the end product of an immense, and immensely costly, news-gathering, news-sifting operation. What is actually published has to be no more than the tip of an iceberg of accumulated fact channelled into the re-write men from all over the world – the final stage of a 'news refining' process in which every paragraph has behind it the efforts of perhaps a dozen men and women (and in some case hundreds) in the field. This seems to me a wasteful form of journalism rarely worth the effort. But without such an effort what comes out editorially is liable to be pretty flat and tasteless. Flatness and a penchant for the pseudo-smart, a surfeit of the sort of clichés you find in the *Express* on an off day, are *Topic's* main faults.

Its pages are unlikely to add much to the information of an informed person. Possibly it may tell some of the family readers it is after something they did not know. But as yet it does not have an awful lot that stimulates and excites them. That at any rate is the judgment of a good many of those I have spoken to who are actually involved in the business of selling it. Their view, with which I concur, is that as yet it lacks bite and punch. It seems to me, also, that a good many of its own judgments of the significance of events are extremely superficial – not to mention, for a paper which declares itself to be politically independent, often more than a little one-sided. To succeed at this stage a newsmagazine must be able also to compete in range, depth and immediacy with the best of the television magazine programmes, to carry on in fact where they leave off. *Topic* is far from measuring up to that requirement yet.

With Fulbright in Little Rock

KINGSLEY MARTIN

'I don't know much about the John Birch Society, but it's against Communism, isn't it? I am against Communism, so maybe I ought to join it.' The speaker was a farmer in the village of Augusta, about 70 miles from Little Rock; I had fallen into talk with him just before a meeting to hear Senator Fulbright. Whether this farmer becomes a Birchite is important; there are some millions of people living in isolated towns and villages throughout the US who listen to similar propaganda. In Arkansas, they are all dedicated to anti-Communism; most of them are segregationists and, of course, Democrats. The neo-Fascist groups, of which John Birch is only one among many, hope to cash in on isolation and ignorance. In Little Rock the idea is to get rid of the most constructive and independent-minded of Senators. If they can substitute a right-wing extremist for Fulbright as Democratic choice in next year's primary, they will have won an ominous victory.

The tactics are simple. If a candidate has opposed segregation, the case against him is already made. If he has an international outlook, he is giving away American money to a bunch of Communist or near-Communist neutrals. If he wants social reforms, he is a Socialist. If he supports Kennedy in desiring negotiations over Berlin, he stands for appeasement. If he is against tests, he is undermining American security. If he doesn't want American troops bogged down in an Asian war, he must be a traitor, selling America to the Communists. If he is against allowing generals to conduct their own extremist propaganda among the troops, then he must be a dupe of Moscow or worse. The technique is familiar enough in Europe. Here it is sometimes called 'right-wing radicalism', because it seeks to uproot American traditions. In Europe we know it as Fascism.

Augusta is a village of some 2,200 persons; but on this occasion 200 had come from surrounding farms to hear their favourite Senator, who is doing an extensive educational tour to prepare for next year's primary. No challenger is yet in the field, but two names are mentioned. The first possible opponent is Governor Faubus, who gained international notoriety in the segregation fight in Little Rock. He had not a racist record, but made himself the political champion of southern rights. He remains popular because the people of Arkansas bitterly resent being coerced into accepting Negro children in their schools. Their pride was deeply hurt. But left alone the segregation issue would probably die in Arkansas, though it will long remain unresolved in the Deep South.

In Little Rock, some 30 Negro children now attend integrated schools. There are now 13 in the high school; and I was told that the earlier complaints of discriminatory treatment against them have now ceased. Indeed the people of this state seem to have resigned themselves resentfully to defeat. They do not care to discuss the subject. Governor Faubus remains popular as a governor. They may prefer him to remain Governor, just as, one reasonably expects, they will continue to prefer Fulbright to remain their Senator. They have revered him for the last 16 years.

Fulbright's more likely opponent is therefore Mr Alford, an extreme rightist who became Congressman at the height of the segregation struggle, thereby turning out Mr Brooks Hays, who took a stand against racism and was subsequently appointed by Kennedy to be Assistant Secretary of State with liaison duties to Congress. Mr Alford's handicap in fighting Fulbright is that the Senator has a conventional record on the Negro issue and did not take any stand during the Little Rock struggle. If he had been less prudent – some say lacking in courage – he would in all probability have been Secretary of State today. As it is, he remains chairman of the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee, where he exercises great influence. But the world must regret that he is not in the seat of power.

So far the Senator is mainly challenged on two issues. First, he is an internationalist. He stands, above all, as the founder of the Fulbright scholarships, a leading opponent of isolationism during and after the war, the advocate of foreign aid, one of the few outspoken opponents of the Cuban adventure, and the exponent of a wide and sane policy of American leadership in a western – and not necessarily always only a western – community of nations. Secondly he is bitterly attacked on account of a devastating memorandum which called attention to the military threat to the civil authority and in particular

The Sudan
pulls ahead

The present irrigation dam at Sennar will soon have a very different look, when the new power house is built to supply electricity to the Sudan's new factories.

THE GREAT PROMISE OF ENERGY FROM THE NILE

THINGS are moving fast in the Sudan. Since President Abboud's government came into power careful and far-reaching plans have been made and put into order of priority. Now the first of those aims—to restore stability in the economy—is achieved, and confidence in the future of the Sudan is attracting capital from abroad.

Apart from this general aim, development plans centre on cotton, power and the railways. The Sudan depends on cotton for more than 60% of her exports, so until industry becomes more diverse the cotton industry is being boosted at all stages—irrigation schemes, ginning factories, textile mills.

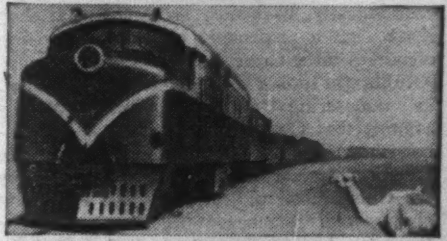
But all industry needs electrical power, and for this the Sudan turns to her great double artery, the Nile. The Sennar Dam on the Blue Nile is the first of a number of schemes planned for two vital functions: to provide water for irrigation and to generate electricity for a wide range of industries.

English Electric in the Sudan. In all these new endeavours The English Electric Company is proud to be serving the Sudan. The company, as part of an international consortium, is responsible for turbines for the Sennar Dam project, for transmission line substations between Sennar and Khartoum, and for extensions to the Burri steam power station, which form part of the £4½ million scheme.

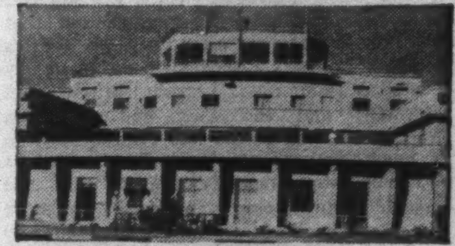
An even bigger enterprise will soon start production: Sudan American Textile Industry, a £6 million textile mill at Khartoum which will produce 75 million yards of cloth a year, largely for the expanding internal market. English Electric, as leaders of the British consortium which has built the complete mill, supplied all the power house plant and all the electrical equipment.

This is the latest in a long line of contracts for industrial undertakings and public buildings—the first English Electric diesel was installed as long ago as 1925! The Sudan Railways extension programme now includes 25 English Electric 1,850-h.p. diesel-electric locomotives. 15 are already in service, and 10 more have been ordered.

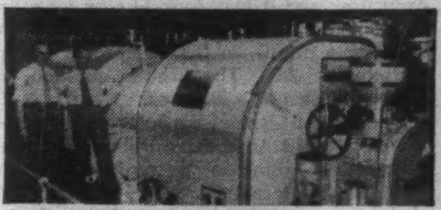
In every aspect of power engineering—for *generating*, *distributing* and *using* electrical energy—English Electric is at work. And while English Electric gains in the Sudan further valuable experience which it can use for work in other countries and at home, the Sudan knows she can rely on the specialized knowledge and technical resources which lie behind every contract with English Electric.



One of the 15 English Electric 1,850-h.p. locomotives specially designed for service in the Sudan. Ten more are on order. The first English Electric locomotives in the country have been running since 1936.



The Civil Airport Building in Khartoum, like many public buildings in the Sudan (e.g. the Republican Palace, Ministry of Finance, Radio Omdurman), is equipped with English Electric transformers and switchgear.



In Burri power station, Khartoum, English Electric has installed diesel engine and steam turbine generating plant totalling 42,500 kW. The latest unit, a 10,000-kW set, was inaugurated by President Abboud as part of the Sennar-Burri scheme.

POWER FOR PEACE

'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'

The English Electric Company Limited, English Electric House, Strand, London W.C.2 to the political activities of General Walker in Germany.

Walker was deprived of his German command, and has recently resigned from the army in order to devote himself to anti-Communist propaganda in America. He was sacked after a military inquiry, whose reports ran into nearly 1,000 pages, and his dismissal was reviewed and approved by the top military and civil authorities. Yet the fanatical Senator Thurmond has won his way in demanding a further senatorial inquiry which will open on 27 November. It may take the stage as a central issue of US politics.

Fulbright is conducting a quiet, educational campaign, inviting questions rather than making speeches, explaining rather than attacking opponents. Far from resenting foreign aid, he told the people of Arkansas that they should be grateful for the advantage it has brought them in providing increased markets for their cotton, rice and soya beans. He had the facts and figures to bring this home to his state, which is one of the poorest in the union. As for federal taxation, Arkansas had received far more in development and other forms of federal aid than it had paid away. To most of his audience I thought this must be convincing, and only one questioner rose in his seat to suggest that they should all join the John Birch Society. Fulbright was making a reasoned attempt to bring Arkansas into the world community. He explained to his audience how far projects for turning their swamps into good land and developing their rivers would benefit them. Some of them may have realised that they themselves live in an economically 'backward area' and that they share in a national effort to develop resources hitherto neglected.

Fulbright took a courageous line, I thought, in countering anti-negotiation talk by arguing that Communism could not be combatted by bombs or by pretences that, as the Birchites declare, America is endangered by the Communist infiltration of the Protestant clergy and teachers' organisations. (The Birchites have even attacked the Catholic Church as a hot-bed of Communism.) He reminded them that President Kennedy has declared that the Communist battle must be a long 'twilight struggle' which will not end with his presidency. He pointed out that yesterday's enemies often became today's friends. Former wars had been made by Christian countries; France, Britain, the Germans and the Japs had all been imperialists, and Russia had been an ally. In a much-discussed article in *Foreign Affairs* Fulbright has recently argued that the essential is to develop a community feeling in the West; he illustrates its growth politically and technically by reference to the Common Market and other fields where European co-operation has begun. He did not urge that the US should associate itself with the Common Market, but that is the logical deduction; and it may look like an issue for America when, with the recall of Congress, the debate begins on the Reciprocal Trades Agreements Act. The whole question of tariffs will then be wide open.

The case of General Walker goes deep into the heart of the American tradition. From the time of Washington onwards, American presidents have insisted on the subjection of the army to civilian control. Many feared General Eisenhower as President because he had been a soldier, but in fact his training at West Point, where every officer is told to respect civilian legislators (who vote supplies) proved one of the reasons why he was an ineffective president.

The dangerous change came with the Korean war, when America discovered that GIs, having no notion why they were fighting, were easily influenced by Communist propaganda. As a result, the Pentagon has poured out hundreds of booklets instructing officers how to indoctrinate the army with hatred of Communism. Quotations from these documents, presented at the initial hearing of the Walker case, were, one would have thought, sufficient evidence of the virulent anti-Communist propaganda to which the troops are subjected. But the Fulbright memorandum (which should be widely published and not hidden in the Congressional Record) proved that politically-minded generals had used the permitted task of indoctrination as a means of denigrating such distinguished American personalities as Truman, Mrs Roosevelt and Dean Acheson. These were in effect treated as near-Communists, if not traitors.

The whole effect of this propaganda, conducted by officers not only in Germany, but also in 'seminars' in America, was in Fulbright's words to set up 'a savage dichotomy between the Communist and the western world', and to make 'almost every issue a matter of irreconcilable competition'. It deliberately flouted the President's policy of negotiation. General Walker instructed his men to vote Republican. He is himself a member of the Birch Society, and distributed *The Life of John Birch* as a recommended book throughout the division under his charge.

The uneasy question remains whether Walker's case is in any way unique or whether a systematic effort is being made by highly placed officers to persuade their men that the national leaders of America should not be trusted because they are the dupes of Communism – which the John Birch Society has actually said of President Eisenhower.

Though the case, one would have thought, was fully proved, Senator Thurmond and other extremists see in Walker's dismissal a chance of stirring up the mud that has not finally settled since McCarthy fell. His speeches in the Senate and the numerous leaflets he has published allege in effect that General Walker is the victim of a Communist conspiracy in the army and the administration. He has unearthed a number of cases where Mr McNamara and his staff have cut out particularly ludicrous specimens of anti-Communist propaganda and charged the Secretary of Defence with plotting to prevent the facts of Communism being presented to the troops. Mr McNamara takes full personal responsibility and has so far refused to fall into the McCarthyite trap of naming individuals in his department who deleted objectionable passages.

On the face of it, Fulbright should have no difficulty in defending his memorandum, and it is doubtful if any officers of repute will so far defy the formidable Secretary of Defence as to come out on the side of Senator Thurmond. But the wave of reaction in the country today is so strong that one cannot be sure that many voters will not be misled into accepting Thurmond's thesis that 'Socialism, Communism and the Welfare State should all be fought as one' and that the American way of life is threatened by Communists and by everyone with a political outlook as far to the left as, shall we say, Mr Macmillan. The hearing in the next months is in any case likely to add to the President's problem; he is faced with the familiar thesis, first used against Roosevelt, that all New Dealers and Democrats have betrayed America. They betrayed it in China – which is why Vietnam is politically so serious an issue for the President – they have since then given the Communists Cuba and Laos and they are now, it is suggested, 'soft on Berlin'.

Senator Fulbright is one of the few politicians with the courage and standing to face this menace and to undertake the slow task of educating the American public in the facts of international life. The President himself has repeatedly called on the nation to grow up internationally, to learn the nature of the modern world, but he has so far not followed the Roosevelt pattern of instruction through fire-side radio or TV talks. If the reactionary elements in America today are to be effectively countered, there will have to be an upsurge of liberalism in the country itself.

In Little Rock, after a meeting in which Senator Fulbright had addressed a packed auditorium of teachers – how Americans do relish conventions – I had a glass of beer (other forms of alcohol cannot be publicly consumed in Arkansas) with a young teacher who was prepared to stand up and be counted. He was a NEW STATESMAN reader. He said he and his friends had learned the lesson of McCarthyism; they were not going tamely to accept its revival under the aegis of the John Birch Society. In some American universities the students are beginning to protest against nuclear arms as well as learning to run risks for an ideal as 'Freedom Riders'. Liberalism must meet the challenge before Fascism gets a grip.

London Diary

CHARON

I suppose the various admirers of President Tshombe and the present administration of Katanga Province will easily digest the UN Commission's report concerning the murder of Mr Lumumba and his two colleagues. Why, they will argue, should not the Congolese *führer* have taken a personal interest in what was, after all, only a salutary prophylactic operation to make Katanga safe for the Union Minière? There seemed at the time something peculiarly horrible and sinister in the way Lumumba was dragged off. I'll never forget the newsreel pictures of his wife sitting with her arms over her head in a poignantly tragic posture that told you everything. It's particularly significant, as the report points out, that the story of the 'escape' was released on the day when President Kasavubu, that champion of moderation, had promised to inform the Conciliation Commission of the date when it could see the prisoners. What a vile business.

* * *

Mr Butler, you may remember, was reassuring the Tory floggers the other day, telling them that, although not in favour of restoring the birch and the lash in courts and prisons, he yet believed in judicious use of the cane at home and school. He should have read – perhaps he has by now – a recent confidential report by the education authority of one English county on Caning, Behaviour and Delinquency in Secondary Schools. The general conclusion seems to be that caning tends to stimulate delinquency. Over a three-year period the light-caning schools sent 2.38 per cent of their pupils to the juvenile

Man with an enquiring mind...

takes note of current affairs

Takes note, most likely, of an electricity meter made by Ferranti. And what, you may say, is so special about that? Its complete, unwavering accuracy? Its silent devotion to duty? The way it keeps on keeping on? All this, and more, much more. Ferranti, as a matter of fact, started making meters nearly 80 years ago. They had to . . . to measure the bulk supplies of electricity which had become available as a result of the pioneering work of Dr. S. Z. de Ferranti.

Ferranti, in a word, make the best meters—and more of them, for home and export markets. Meters the size of filing cabinets, meters no bigger than a box-camera. Meters that hide in cupboards; giant summation meters for great power projects like the Kariba Dam; meters for the National Grid. Currently Ferranti are spending £200,000 on new meter plant installations aimed to increase output by 30%. And always, the experts at Ferranti are working to increase efficiency and cut costs.

Like Ferranti meters, Ferranti electrical and electronic products are to be found all over the world—in engineering, the aircraft industry, scientific and business organisations. And everywhere, in all their uses, they are leading the way to a better life.

FERRANTI

First into the Future

Ferranti Ltd., Head Office: Hollinwood, Lancs. London Office: Kern House, 36 Kingsway, W.C.2

court, the medium-caners 2.9 per cent, and the heavy-caners 3.97 per cent. There was, states the report, no support whatever for the views that schools which cane rigorously produce the best behaviour, or that schools in which the cane is most used produce fewest delinquents. In one mining area of the county two large schools were united under a single head who immediately forbade the use of the cane in both. The figures of indictable offences by juveniles in that area have shown a decline of 20 per cent since the new regime.

* * *

I went away faintly depressed from last Monday's CND rally at the Albert Hall. I'm not sure these demonstrations aren't more suited to the open air. Still, it was quite a feat nearly to fill the hall, apart from those ticket-holders' seats which have to remain sacrosanct and empty. There was an overflow meeting in Kensington Town Hall. Alan Taylor was in good sardonic form, and Anthony Greenwood made a sharply concise speech outlining a foreign policy for nuclear disarmers. I found the interludes and entertainments – Humphrey Lyttelton's band and some Scottish anti-Polaris singers – though energetic enough, seemed to produce a curious effect of drag. I missed one or two of the advertised attractions such as Brendan Behan. The mixture of jazz with politics is all right on the march, but not on the platform. There were the inevitable catcalls about Communism from the Empire Loyalists, without which no meeting is a success, and an occasional hoarse, lumpen, anthropoid cry from far up in the gallery of 'Good old Mosley'. The mood was enthusiastic, especially among the younger generation; yet I couldn't help feeling that a movement that is supposed to number getting on for a million supporters ought to have mounted a stronger volume of protest. Perhaps it was me: perhaps it was the Albert Hall, that well-known death trap.

* * *

I am delighted to learn that 200 American psychologists in New York have been demonstrating at an open air rally calling for disarmament. They, or one of them anyway, in his speech, cried out against the 'constant and burdensome weight that the idea of utter annihilation generates in people's minds'. There are, in fact, various reasons why it's not so easy to get psychologists – or psychiatrists – to commit themselves on the side of avowedly peaceful or pacifist movements. Their own concept of ambivalence, or love-hate, is often extended to most things in their own environment. Also, the climate of doom or apocalypse is apt to make depressed persons perk up. Personal guilt is liquidated in a general holocaust. (I distinctly remember walking up Ludgate Hill in 1934, when feeling acutely depressed, and reading that King Alexander of Yugoslavia and Monsieur Barthou, the French Foreign Minister, had been assassinated in Marseilles; the news at once gave me an entirely spontaneous and involuntary feeling of elation.) Past utterances by psychoanalysts on prospects of war and peace have not been notable for prophetic accuracy. Freud himself, between the wars, suggested that it was perhaps the time for heavenly Eros to assert himself against the Death Instinct. He is overdue.

* * *

As a dedicated hypochondriac, I am fascinated to read the report of the Society for Psychosomatic Research conference in London last week. You remember the psycho-analyst's advice to Proust that he had better keep his asthma because, if he lost it, something worse might develop. Doctor after doctor cited examples of curious changes, or syndrome shifts. Asthma exchanged for eczema, peptic ulcer for angina; rheumatoid arthritis disappearing in the midst of a fever. There were warnings against excessive therapeutic zeal that might leave 'a patient sad at the loss of his syndrome' and complaining that he had been better off with his dermatitis. There were also some remarkable instances of group illnesses in families, with one particularly dominant member who seemed, in some curious way, to be able to induce sickness in the others – the sickness taking a different form in each individual. My personal reactions to this report and to psychosomatic medicine in general are mixed. At one moment I develop despair and the feeling that it's really always better to let yourself alone. At another, when I read a statement such as that of Professor G. M. Carstairs, who tells us that a person in a stressful position had a constant desire to retire, I scoff like a philistine and remember the celebrated *Punch* joke about the tramp who told the doctor that he ate well and drank well but whenever he saw a piece of work he came all over a tremble. Yet, on the whole, I do get the impression that they are making a good deal of real progress towards exact knowledge in this curious borderland where *soma* and *psyche*, Id, Ego and Super-ego, go on shadow-boxing with themselves and the environment.

* * *

So far as I know Cartier-Bresson was the only person whom Nye Bevan allowed to break his strict rule – friends understood and accepted it – against taking photographs down at the Bevan farm. Some of them illustrate the new edition of Nye's book *In Place of Fear* (Macgibbon & Kee; 21*s*) which is much more than a handsome but poignant souvenir. Books by politicians in a hurry seldom do them or their readers justice. This is an exception. Two years after Nye died, you can hear that beguiling, hesitating voice in these pages, punctuated by generous gusts of laughter and real anger. The point about Nye was that he never felt sorry for himself, even when he was down.

* * *

The first realisation that the Christmas hell, with all its trauma of anxious depression, is beginning to loom always comes for me with the appearance of the Christmas numbers of the *Sphere* and the *Illustrated London News*. In middle age you find them at your club. In adolescence they arrived shimmering on the school library table. There they engendered a sharp outbreak of euphoria, in which a clime of – purely subjective – eroticism was somehow mingled. The carefully planned boar's head feature with its bright kaleidoscopic illustrations seemed to combine with the house-party short story to induce that romantic mood of expectant yearning. I am delighted to see that neither Christmas number this year makes any concession to modernity. Technical improvements apart, either might have come out in 1924. It's significant, perhaps, that the Christmas short story in the *Sphere* by Stella Gibbons is a ghost house-party dance with a Twentyish setting. In the lavish illustrations, the debs in fluffy dresses of the period and toothbrush-moustached chaps in tails have escaped from the Dornford Yates continuum.

This England

Prizes £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

A postal bingo club is being launched by a group of Durham business men. Participants will pay a 2s 6d membership fee and guarantee they are over 18 years old. Each week they will send 3s 6d to include 1s for the organisers and stake money.

A chartered accountant and his staff will call the numbers, check the cards issued against the names of members, and declare the winner. – *Observer*. (M. Ansell.)

The cheerful social life of a Conservative club included Mrs Jessie Woodvine – until her secret came out.

Then the cosy chats over tea and cakes became strained. For Mrs Woodvine is a Labour voter.

'I never treated it as a political club,' said middle-aged Mrs Woodvine, a shop assistant, of Como Street, Romford, Essex. 'Politics was rarely discussed. So I never aired my beliefs.' – *Sunday Express*. (G. Lumb.)

I am alarmed at the possible effect of fall-out on our pets and the danger of contaminated bird seed being imported from abroad. – Letter in *Evening News*. (S. R. Hill.)

The Lizards of Formentera

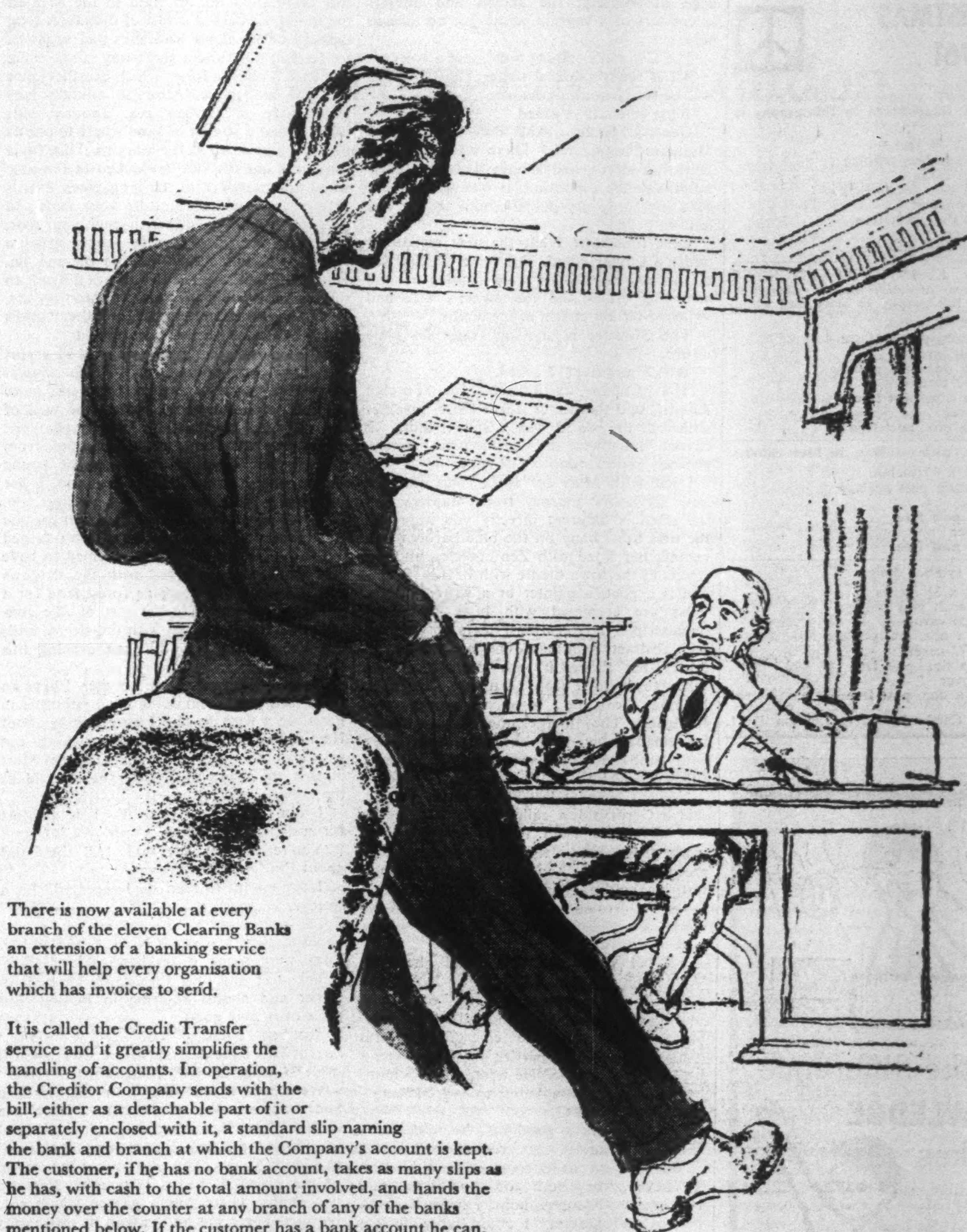
ANTHONY CARSON

The hot weather was beginning to come in Palma, dropping like a blanket, the water was warm in the shower, you swallowed flies in the paella. Siestas were imperative.

I had made friends in the town, divided up into small groups who didn't mix. Poets, peasants, professional drinkers drowning a dream from dawn to identical pearly dawn, swearing to build that house, visit those remains, repair those old, terrible fissures in the human heart. Then there were the society people. You found them in a restaurant far down the alley ways near the Cathedral. Fundamentally I do not know where I belong, with poets I am a society man, with society men a flagrant poet, with peasants a sort of defensive drinker.

The restaurant was called the Escorial and it was dim and winding inside and crammed with small white-coated waiters. Even though it was dark, they could smell your money at 100 yards. Not just the notes you carried in your pocket, but the depth money that would see you through to a decent burial and a small obituary in *The Times*. It was the sort of place I should always avoid; indeed nearly all writers should avoid such spots, except for those with a social, self-preserving squint. The owners were refugees from English theatrical society and doled out the exact ration of gaiety and licence which went with the length of your invisible purse. Certain groups, white middle-aged men in grey suits and women with rainy garden-party accents dominated the gloomy, smart caverns which meandered through to the subdued brocades of the restaurant.

One evening sensation filled the air. Everyone was looking to the door. The owner's wife, who could bend and unbend like a watch spring, eyed me with a sudden professional disapproval. My voice can unexpectedly get too loud; I was on the razor's



There is now available at every branch of the eleven Clearing Banks an extension of a banking service that will help every organisation which has invoices to send.

It is called the Credit Transfer service and it greatly simplifies the handling of accounts. In operation, the Creditor Company sends with the bill, either as a detachable part of it or separately enclosed with it, a standard slip naming the bank and branch at which the Company's account is kept. The customer, if he has no bank account, takes as many slips as he has, with cash to the total amount involved, and hands the money over the counter at any branch of any of the banks mentioned below. If the customer has a bank account he can, of course, use a single cheque and conduct his business by post.

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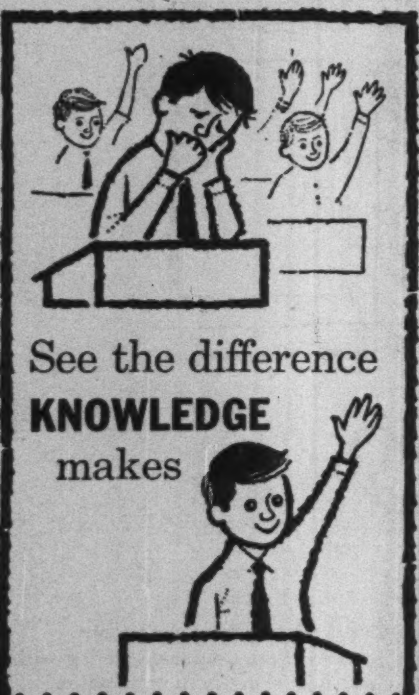

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edge of sobriety; the alarms and uneven splendours of a vagrant writer got no licence here.

'The General's coming now', said a voice.

'All is ready', said a waiter; 'the chickens will be ready in a minute.'

'What general?' I asked.

'General Salan', said the waiter 'and Monsieur Lagaillarde.' There was a wail of police-car sirens, and a huge limousine drew up outside the restaurant. It was time for my get-away; only my public-school accent was left.

Some time later I left the next restaurant under a similar cloud. The same tension was in the air, the waiters were rushing around arranging tables and the owner's wife had switched off her charm at the mains.

'The Minister is arriving', said the same waiter.

'Which minister?' I asked.

'The Cuban ex-Minister for Foreign Affairs', said the waiter. Ideas froze, loyalties withered, the world was a smart, dimly lit cavern inhabited by fashionable actors, generals and ex-ministers of state.

I left with Mart for Ibiza. The island is only six hours' journey from Majorca, but the smell is different directly you approach the lilac hills. Bang on the blue harbour is a beatnik bar fitted with Zen cubicles, and the streets of the town bristle with beards. Everyone is a poet, a painter or a writer; all the villas are crammed with huge unfinished manuscripts, imprecations, tears, prophecies and abstract paintings. The air invites industry, but chokes it with tolerance. In no other town in Europe can one find such harmony existing between natives and foreigners. They merge, interlap, are almost indistinguishable, it is like lions lying down with lambs, dolphins swimming calmly in a rough sea of love, charwomen and Pernod.

'So you have at last come to my island', said a German Jew called Hans. Like us he was a refugee from Palma, trapped in a world of isolated hotels, faded campaigns and receding girls. He, too, was a writer and had lost his entrance ticket to the fashionable caves. He dressed impeccably and treated the world as a superior sort of film studio with a host of extras.

'I'll tell you about the island', he said. 'Avoid San Antonio, which is run by a small gang of war criminals and full of female tourists with plastic bags and tall conical hats. Santa Eulalia is quite entertaining, with queers and eccentric parties. I will give you a list of special people.' He wrote down a number of names affixing letters to each of them – N, H, L, HT and G.

'All these are a good lot', he said like a casting director.

'But what do the letters stand for?' I asked.

'They're for both of you', he said indulgently. 'Nymphs, homosexuals, lesbians, heteros and general.' I could sense he was trying to split us up and I began to edge off. Both Mart and I talked often and grandly about freedom, but both were insanely jealous and had emerged from too many whirlpools for that sort of frisk. Hans was aware of this.

'But, in my opinion', he went on, 'you'd be better off in Formentera. No electric light, no baths, terrible food, but the whole of nature and the naked life.'

'Thanks', said Mart.

You take a small general purposes craft from Ibiza, and the fare is a shilling for nearly two hours journey. In our case we carried, besides passengers, a mule and doves. Our destination was El Calo in the neck of the island. El Calo is a sort of dream. A long tapestry of sea flows with silks and satins of far-fetched blue, and a short way inland there is a stretch of pine-forest which breathes spice into the hot shade. After 20 minutes lazy walk there is another sea, another blue tapestry and a stretch of sand where minnows play life and death at the margins. This, for a time, was our life. We lay naked in the pine wood and played with the long green lizards of the island, which climb up your arms and peer into your eyes, slither through your hair, tumble in the pine needles. There was no reason why this should not go on and on. Happiness and love are two things difficult to discover, more difficult to retain; but they are, in fact quite simple. They are the world's tune; they came earlier than thought.

When evening came on, we walked across the road to another inn, which always seemed gayer, whiter, where there was more laughter. You sat about against the wall of the inn and clapped for wine and beer, which was hauled up, bright and cool, from a deep well. There were groups of young people and – since both Mart and I are vampires – the evening sea was younger too. All these people were German, except for one very good looking young man who turned out to be Dutch. He, indeed, seemed to have eyes which were drugged with the shadows and warm spice of the pine forest, and for a few days we all made the sort of idle conversation which merged with the sleepy walls and the evening sea. But one evening this changed.

'Actually', he said, 'I am a writer. I have an unfinished book I am doing for a publisher in Paris.' In a flash he and I were talking about Hemingway, Eliot, Lawrence, kicking out with exhibitionistic philosophy, while Mart hugged the white wall. Later he showed us the book.

'I don't want to read it', I told Mart furiously.

'You're jealous', she said. 'All that stuff about Eliot and Hemingway.'

'I don't want to read it', I repeated. 'It's a wrecker.'

The next morning we did read it. It was about Ibiza. It was about N, H, L, HT and G. They were living it up hard, all of them, rolling over and over the island, knotted together and almost expiring in Pernod. But parts of it were good.

'Not bad', I said.

'Not bad enough', said Mart with a small smile. 'I suppose we'd better leave.'

We moved a few miles to a village called San Francisco. We sat down at a table in a ramshackle café, ordered drinks and gazed at the dusty, mottled square and the small huddle of houses. This was in fact the capital of the island. It had a telegraph office and two shops. There was a garage which sold bicycles. There was an inn with its own faulty electric light. There was coming and going and gossip, and among our new friends was Tony, the operator of the telegraph, who knew everything about everybody on the island. One day there was a terrible noise in the sky. I looked up and saw a helicopter. It was descending like a horrible lark. I ran over to the Telegraph Office and seized Tony by the arm.

'There's a helicopter coming down on San Francisco', I said.

'That's all right', said Tony. 'We know all about that. It's the Cuban ex-Minister of the Interior. We're forming a sort of welcome committee to greet him.'

COLOUR IN THE COLLEGES

The High-Life in London

GERDA L. COHEN

At the Hostel

'The lucky ones get in here: colonial and ex-colonial – they need us most, though we do take a few from the United Kingdom.' The Residence had an Ionic portico crescendoing into plaster pineapples. Hot air with undertones of cabbage gusted through its door. 'Central heating, of course. Africans feel the cold worse than we hardy northerners.' The Warden treated his charges with painful jollity. His kindness could be felt like a poltergeist thumping to get out.

He introduced the students chosen to take sherry before Hall; they backed against the wallpaper ready for the firing squad. Across a desert of Ministry of Works carpet, we exchanged polite nullities. 'Mr Ekwoba here is my right-hand man on the food committee. Quells a revolution every day, the brave chap!' Mr Ekwoba permitted a chuckle to disturb his remote gaze. The Warden told a joke about chaps caught cooking steak in their rooms, who were naturally asked to leave. On the other hand, residents co-operating in student committees often got permission to stay beyond their first year. Who could wish to abandon a warm refuge for the limbo of lodgings?

They filed into Hall, a Malayan diving to open doors. It was all imitation Oxbridge, down to the empty baronial fireplace and neutered soup. At High Table, no one ate vegetarian except the Warden, a curiosity which drew laughter even from the Nigerian too shy for words. 'In Yarima district, only the cattle eat vegetables raw.' He fell to spearing canned peas quite happily.

Those not at their books in the cosy library watched a thriller on television. Two English in scruffy pullovers stood out among the Africans, upright in their impeccable dark suits. 'The new hostels must have at least 20 per cent English residents', murmured the Warden, 'a most sensible admixture.' While he went to fetch a cup of tea, conversation relaxed. 'Been to that social at the Victoria League?' asked a chemist from Uganda whose foot had been tensely tapping morse all through dinner. 'Catch me, man', grinned an American; 'that place smells of Imperial Favours.' 'Not a female under 50.' The Malayan smoothed his parting: 'and they expect us to pay'.

'Clubs are all the same, you poor nigger boy', mimicked the chemist, spreading his palms in condescension; 'You want talk to white lady? So pay!' 'Yeah man' (the American again). 'Chelsea is worst. Wembley is okay; they got some nice Continental girls, and ping-pong.' 'They won't date at clubs', said the chemist, 'it's better at Finsbury Astoria.'

The Warden returned, beaming. 'Carry on, chaps, don't mind me. The hostel is here to give ~~you a~~ chance of thrashing out your problems.'

Off the Finchley Road

To a hand groping in the dark, the walls felt greasy with damp and accretion of dirt. 'We've asked him to repair the hall light', Dr Gupta said on the way down to the basement, 'but no repairs are done. If we complain, we might be evicted. But at least we pay reasonable rent. Coloured tenants generally pay a quarter more than white. Our landlord is a German refugee; perhaps he remembers . . .'

On each floor lived an Indian family, sharing one rusty bath. 'We are extremely thankful to find this house. Our former landlady gave us notice as my wife was pregnant. Give us a week's grace, we begged. But that night we came back from Hampstead library to a locked door. All our clothes, everything, locked inside.'

The basement was cram-full of steaming laundry, leftover poppadums, sinewy men debating on a double bed which took up most of the room. In the midst Mrs Gupta held court. She had almost completed her PhD on the Urdu novel. 'You ask, why do this here? I am afraid your British Museum have possession of material which Delhi would like to get back.' Dr Gupta was about to take his Bar finals for the second time, studying at night. Their initial grant had long since run out, and both of them taught 'C' stream children up the Edgware Road. 'I can hardly understand them.' His prim voice rose with amusement. 'Even the West Indian pupils speak cockney.'

Mr Rau, a shy theosophist perched on the oil-heater, earned his keep by filing income-tax returns. At six o'clock, he rushed to lectures on hormones. 'I have my BSc Delhi, of course', stroking his high bald dome in self-disparagement, 'but I could not get work commensurate with my qualification. Only British Railways would offer me a clerical position.'

Mrs Gupta used to assemble radio parts, until the Ministry of Education ran a teaching course for graduate wives: 'they chose two Indians from many applicants'. As if pouring a libation into the Ganges, she solemnly tilted the tea-pot. 'Ah, just in time for a cup' – this to a newcomer whose cold blue-brown nose dilated in the steamy babble of Bengali. 'Please take my seat.' Dr Rau, ever punctilious, offered him the oil-heater.

'Our Pakistani friend lives in digs.' Mrs Gupta lowered her voice to a regal hum, 'he is therefore cold. But he can stand hardship, being born of a very low caste. His relatives in Capetown saved up £400 for him to do the LLB. This money will last half the time, at most. After that, what will you do, Hadji?' 'Washing up.' He cautiously undid his over-long coat. 'I have a contact in the Waldorf Hotel, also washing-up.'

Despite the climate, Hadji was enjoying London. 'I ignore your caste system. I go anywhere'. It didn't always work, however. At a Student Ball a girl refused him yet took an Irish boy for the same dance. 'I bite my teeth and walk away.'

Dr Gupta laid his delicate finger-tips together, smiled tolerantly. 'I tried, in my first year, to mix with Europeans. I went to a dozen tea-parties for foreigners. Dr Rau will also testify, they are given by missionaries and old ladies wishing to know about Yoga. Now, we keep to ourselves. We can drink our own deep culture at the Majlis Society and see films from India.' Hadji retorted with a proverb incomprehensible to half the guests, who made satiric exclamations in Hindi. The double bed creaked with hilarity. Crouched on the floor, his whole being held in great indigo eyes, Dr Gupta's little boy was watching television.

'Everyone dance High-life!'

When someone turned up the volume, a thudding elephant-step shook the tatty armchairs and Bayswater stucco. 'High-life goes easy', promised a tall figure in mango chintz, 'just do a one-two and re-lax your bones'. 'We English *can't* relax'; his permed partner took envious stock of the Negro nurses, rhythm shaking their powerful bottoms and hypnotising their proud bare arms. 'All the skirts are booked', an elegant Hausa said in disgust, as he drank his second gin. 'I don't think much of the female element at your Grand Social.' The Student Secretary flicked dust off his immaculate waistcoat. 'Can you blame them? The de luxe article know she lose prestige by coming here. Anyhow we have some nice typists.' The only Englishman present had ketchup on his tie and read out bits from the *Daily Worker*.

Four Sudanese sat on a divan, their spectacles round and sad. 'We shall try a British Council dance next week.' 'Be careful what you say there', warned a Nigerian, 'they invite women from the Foreign Office with hidden tape recorders.' 'Come on, now, Agboola', the student secretary taunted him, 'you're a jingoist, everyone knows that!' (Agboola changed his name from Kelly on Independence Day.) 'British Council landladies are paid to spy on us; my papers were rifled – so were his.' He summoned a quiet onlooker: 'Ulufemi, tell them the truth.' 'I do not think the colonial system is dead', Ulufemi agreed with detachment, 'but the British official is complex. Sometimes they mean well'. 'Mean well!' said Agboola, 'damn sure, they teach me to use a fork'.

Ulufemi saw his dose of Imperial College as an unpleasant necessity, prolonged only by his wife's frequent failure to pass her shorthand examinations. Their child lived with foster-parents in Kent: 'recommended by friends. I don't trust the welfare people. Many Nigerians board out their children with someone they know about and can trust.'

One of the Sudanese bent forward, his eyes fixed on vacancy: 'They show me to light a gas-fire; very useful I think.' The rest nodded. 'A British Council man met us at the airport. Very helpful.' Ulufemi shrugged. 'Maybe they get reformed.' His soft speech trickled into a laugh. 'I say, maybe.' His gentle voice sank under the din of High-life on a worn needle. Agboola swung a blonde like a kewpie doll. 'I have BSc', he shouted at her, 'I wrote to three firms for training, they all turn me down'. She simpered back at him *'Sprechen sie Deutsch bitte'*, while he swore in Yoruba. In the hall an Ashanti lawyer argued with a man from Sierra Leone who barely came up to his navel: 'The West African Union will not recognise a break-away group of Ghanaian students', cried the little fellow on tip-toe, 'we know it is fomented by the

Colonial Office for our discomfiture.' 'You are sabotaging Ashanti self-determination', the lawyer veered like a dental drill to reach his opponent. Both would shortly assume government posts. They were 22 years old.

In the cloakroom a Nigerian girl took off her nylons, slowly put on her ward uniform: she looked like a panther in a straight-jacket. 'You heard what Sister tell us?' she said, pinning down her friend's exuberant frizz. 'If you can't carry a bed-pan without spillin', get on back to the jungle.' 'One day I kick her tongue in back of her face,' noted the other nurse amiably. Their black lace-ups still beating High-life, they went off towards Stepney.

Lunch Break at Balham

Built about 1900 in lavatorial brick, furnished like a Borstal canteen, the refectory also provided a common-room for 800 students at Balham and Tooting College of Commerce. Ninety per cent of them came from abroad. Round the single divan, Greek footballers were analysing pools; on the radiator, Chinese did their homework; by the wall news-sheet attacking landladies who operate a colour bar, Nigerians patiently queued for weak tea.

'Each nationality keeps together', the Students' Union president laid no blame on any particular group. 'It's natural. Birds of equivalent feather . . .' The president, an endearing radical from Damascus, let fall an occasional charming malapropism. Arab students ran the Union, although far outnumbered by the African contingent. 'We share African aspirations.' The president stirred his tea like a diplomat: 'they don't resent our leadership. We're fighting apathy, not jealousy. Ten freshers turned up at our last social, instead of a hundred.'

Nor did they care to accept the hospitality proffered by a Wimbledon colonel (once a year, mass bridge-rolls) and by a tireless cleric always At Home on Sunday. In the Cameroons, one said, tea-parties did not occur. 'We Africans like moving. Dancing – it gives you joy! When Fela Kuti is at Saint Pancras Hall, you won't find space to hop on one leg. I went to the International Friendship League: so many talks on stamp collecting, and the Church Army . . .'

For Asians who couldn't jive, social contact was hard. One nearby school of dancing refused two Indians admission: 'They said we smelt of garlic', one reported. 'But we live on corn flakes.' Most students never risked affront. They retreated twice a week to the Balham Odeon, locked in loneliness. 'It's their own fault', cried a Malayan who rarely stopped juggling with three languages and both hands, 'I have continual social engagements.'

'Two of my class-mates had a mental breakdown', interposed an Iraqi known for his fraternal sentiments, 'and that boy from Ghana was in hospital a month, before the Union knew about it.' Whether the College did or did not have a welfare officer, appeared conjectural. (The Nigerian Federal Office thought yes, probably.) No one in the Union had heard of such a person, except the president, picking his way through a polysyllabic haze of explanation: 'She does exist. But in fact, we take our headaches to the Course Tutor.'

On Tooting Broadway, a Nigerian from the Administration course de-coded grubby post-cards outside the newsagent. 'Mod. Cons, suit European.' 'Use of kit. sorry no colour.' His eyes were mournful. 'No, I'm not giving up. I would go back, but it's a terrible shame for my family. At school, I learnt England is a . . .' – his big hand searched for words – 'a place of high pride. They don't tell us I'm expected to lodge in a house without a bath'. Grasping a cheap, shiny brief-case, he shambled into Redi-Snax.

The Arduous Pilgrimage

NORMAN MACKENZIE

This year there are more students from colonial and former colonial territories at the Balham and Tooting College of Commerce than there were in the whole of Britain before the war. All over London, and in places as far apart as Redruth, Brighton and Stockton, the technical colleges are taking in Asians and Africans by scores, even by the hundred. At universities, one in nine of the students now comes from overseas, and over half of these are from Commonwealth Countries. To these, as I show in the table below, one must add thousands more training as teachers, or nurses or in industry, or picking up the essentials of secondary education at private colleges and correspondence schools.

Here is the bare arithmetic of a serious but neglected problem. For it is a problem of colour, as well as of culture and education, and the tensions and difficulties that Gerda Cohen has described in the previous article are part of the handicaps that any coloured person coming to Britain regrettably encounters. At a time when the government's new Immigration Bill focuses attention on the position of poor coloured immigrants who come here in search of work, and panders to popular prejudice against them, it is urgent to consider what is happening to the smaller but still significant number who come to Britain in search of the skills they need but cannot acquire at home.

It is all very well to propose plans for aid and development in countries that are still far from the 'take-off' point either in higher education or in their economies. Without trained people such plans will be no more than worthy aspirations. In a recent lecture Professor P. M. S. Blackett has made some useful suggestions about the ways in which British universities could do more to provide first-class academic staff for these countries, but that is a long-range solution. If Britain means business about technical aid it must plan for many more overseas students to come here, and do more to ensure that they get the maximum benefit from their stay.

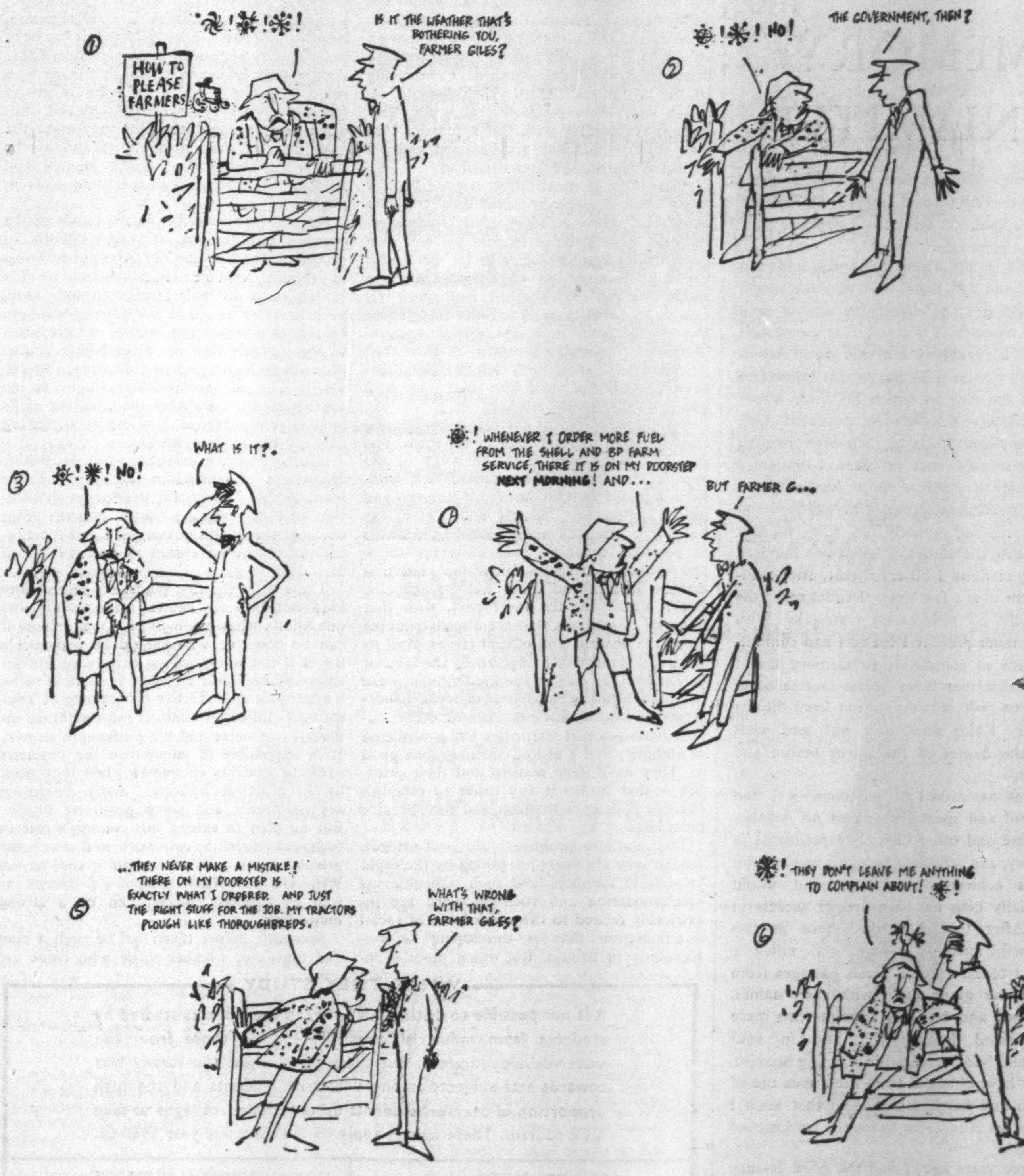
The total of overseas students is in fact rising fast. It has doubled in the last five years, and is still increasing. But, as numbers grow, the pattern is changing. More and more students are coming from Africa, with Nigeria and Ghana heading the list, and a larger proportion of them is going into technical and other sub-university types of education. (The thousands taking GCE courses illustrate the deficiencies of secondary education in their home territories.) At the same time, more come without official sponsorship, without adequate educational or social preparation for the problems they will face, and too often with insufficient money to see them through. The latest PEP report reveals what has been happening to Indian students; the situation is worse for Africans. The overseas students as a whole – especially those who are coloured – are buying their vocational tickets more dearly than any other group in our educational system. Too little is done to understand, let alone deal systematically with their difficulties.

Personal unhappiness is widespread. They are upset by financial worries, sex problems, colour discrimination and all the complex hazards of living in a quite different culture – from the weather and the food to leisure habits and the difficulty of coping with an educational system designed primarily to fit British needs and conditions. Not only is the

WHERE THEY COME FROM: WHAT THEY DO

Overseas students in Britain in 1960-61 came from 60 Commonwealth countries and UK dependencies, and from nearly 100 foreign territories—ranging from Burma, Iran and South Africa to Germany, France and Switzerland. The largest non-European groups were from Nigeria (6,800), Ghana (3,800), India (3,400), Malaya (2,200), Iraq (1,600) and Pakistan (1,250). These figures, based on British Council reports, are all approximations.

Origin	University	Technical College	Inns of Court	Teacher Training	Nursing	Practical Training	Private Colleges etc.	Total
Foreign countries	4,700	5,000	20	1,000	500	4,600	3,600	19,420
*Commonwealth Countries and UK Dependencies	7,500	8,000	2,700	1,400	8,000	5,300	2,900	35,800
Total	12,200	13,000	2,720	2,400	8,500	9,900	6,500	55,220
*Commonwealth Africans only	2,600	4,200	1,700	450	2,000	3,900	1,250	16,100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④
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I took a timetable out of my suitcase and began reading quietly in the manner prescribed, the names of about one hundred railway stations. I observed that, after reading them over a few times, I could recite the whole list off with hardly a mistake. With a little more practice I found I had committed them so completely to memory that I could remember them in the reverse order and even pick out one station from the list and say which number it was, and what were the names of the towns before and after it.

I was astonished at the memory I had acquired and spent the rest of my journey on more and more difficult experiments in memory, and reflecting how this new control I was achieving over my mind would materially help me to a greater success in life. After this, I worked hard at this wonderful memory system, and within a week I found I could recall passages from books and quote them with ease; names, addresses and business appointments were remembered immediately; and in four months I had succeeded in learning Spanish.

If I have obtained from life a measure of wealth and happiness, it is to that book I owe it, for it revealed to me the workings of my brain.

Three years ago, I had the good fortune to meet its author, B. A. Borg, and I promised him to propagate his method, and today I am glad of this opportunity of expressing my gratitude to him.

I can only suppose that others wish to acquire what is, after all, the most valuable asset towards success in life.

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F. ROBERTS

idea of self-study a new one to many of them, but much of their academic work assumes a background of 'informal' education – books, newspapers, radio, theatres, museums and so on – which they lack and which the average British student takes for granted. Considering all the handicaps (which often include ill-health and severe psychological strain) they manage remarkably well. But it remains true that, as a group, they are harassed and yet neglected, patronised and exploited.

A minority of them do get a good deal of help. These are the favoured ones who are academically able, aided by scholarships, carefully placed in suitable courses by their own governments and looked after by the British Council – which has a general charge to assist overseas students and inadequate resources to do what is needed. But the greatest increase in recent years has been among unsponsored students, who come on their own resources and are largely left to their own devices. And it is these who need most help and generally get the least.

One difficulty is that there is a bewildering fragmentation of responsibility for them. The British Council tries to fill in some of the gaps. It runs introductory courses and publishes a useful booklet on British manners and mores; it operates hostels and a lodgings bureau; it meets as many incoming students as possible, organises excursions for them, and sponsors 'overseas friendship' activities through church and other welfare agencies. But it deals, for the most part, with that minority of students who are already running along the obvious and official tracks. And its work is unavoidably hampered by the taint of paternalism, as well as the kindly-intentioned but condescending behaviour of local 'hands-across-the-sea' enthusiasts. Almost every student from colonial territories has a suspicion of authority and a dislike of being done good to. They have their reasons and their pride. But neither makes it any easier to establish effective contact with them and thereby give them help.

The routine problems are self-evident, though they are being intensified by the rapid increase in numbers, and such difficulties as accommodation and vocation work are inextricably related to the wider issue of racial discrimination that is developing so unpleasantly in Britain. But much more is involved than the personal frustrations and even misery of those who make this arduous pilgrimage. Because this is a new situation, largely unforeseen and unplanned, it has been dealt with by a series of improvisations. These are certainly failing to ensure that those who come here are really those who ought to come, that they are adequately looked after when they do come, and that they make the most both of their own efforts and of the substantial amounts of public money and academic time that are spent on training them.

Part of the answer lies in the hands of the overseas governments. It ought not to be necessary, for instance, for Africans to come to Britain to take GCE courses or for Malayans to do their teacher training here. Such facilities should be provided at home, as quickly as possible, and, as they are provided, so the students who come for higher education will be better prepared. But prepared for what? The money available ought to be concentrated on training them in the skills most urgently needed in societies struggling to enter the modern world.

Utility is not a popular word in British discussions of education. But it is the key word in this context, for it destroys the illusion that in accepting 60,000 students from overseas the British government and the educational system have done all that is required of them.

There is, in the first place, no plan of any kind, nor even any central responsibility. No one knows what ought to be done, or how it can be done, or who should be responsible for it. I am not speaking merely of universities and technical colleges. If there is to be a systematic and effective programme of 'educational' aid of all kinds, it must embrace industry, commerce and the professions as well. It is impossible to summarise the obstacles overseas students encounter when they want to do practical training: many employers are indifferent and some positively hostile. But no plan to extend this country's role in technical education can work well unless the private sector pulls its weight – and, as the West Germans have shown, self-interest as well as national interest can be a strong inducement.

Secondly, before there can be such a plan one must ask whether those who come are

WHAT THEY STUDY

It is not possible to distinguish between the subjects studied by students from industrial countries and by those from the under-developed areas. But these tables show the strong bias towards arts subjects among university students and the high proportion of overseas students using technical colleges to take GCE courses. These figures apply to the academic year 1960-61.

UNIVERSITY		TECHNICAL COLLEGE	
Subject	**Number**	**Subject**	**Number**
Arts	5,134	GCE	3,766
Technology	2,713	Engineering	3,000
Pure Science	1,634	Commercial etc.	1,875
Agriculture and Forestry	259	Architecture and Building	846
Dentistry	168	Art, Music and Drama	413
Vet. Science	98	*Other	3,000

* This includes pharmacy, textiles, catering and other miscellaneous courses. The striking fact is that only 70 were doing courses in agriculture, 54 in surveying, 116 in mining and metallurgy.

being given the right kind of training to equip them for the problems they will face on their return. One cannot simply assume that their needs are best served by educating them as a by-product of our own education. It may be necessary to set up special institutes, or at least to offer supplementary courses, which will enable them to adapt West European techniques to the realities of life in African and Asian countries. And, as a corollary, it may be essential to create a more rational and comprehensive system of placement, rather than relying on the free market in education to fit them in somewhere.

Finally, there needs to be a much more elaborate attempt to cope with the personal and social problems that these students encounter – from an extension of the present facilities of the British Council to counselling at the college level.

How should all this be done? It may be that the new Department of Technical Cooperation could be made responsible, in association with the British Council. It may be that something new is needed. But, at a time when the Robbins Committee is reviewing the whole pattern of higher education, it would seem urgent for the government to sponsor a supplementary enquiry into the fast-growing problem of overseas students. I suspect that its report would shock. But a shock is needed. It might stop people talking amiably about the need to help underdeveloped countries and make them look at what Britain is actually doing – and failing to do.

Correspondence

THE LABOUR LEFT

Sir, – The discussion of Ralph Miliband's important book, *Parliamentary Socialism,* has been sidetracked into questions of authorship and misquotation. The first is irrelevant, and the allegations of misquotation were withdrawn by Mr Crossman.

Whether or not one agrees with the analysis Dr Miliband has made of the Labour Party, it is the most serious attempt in recent years to challenge the assumptions on which the party leadership has traditionally been based. One is always asking for people on the Left to do their homework, and when someone takes the trouble to do so the result ought not to be dismissed like a twopenny tract.

I myself feel that Dr Miliband romanticises and over-emphasises the distinction between a militant Socialist rank and file and a leadership prone to opportunist reformism, and that he fails to explain adequately the subjective reasons why again and again the party not only gets this kind of leadership but seems incapable of doing anything effective about it. But that does not permit one simply to condemn his wider thesis as 'horrifying'.

He suggests that there is a fundamental difference between a Socialist attitude to society, which regards the parliamentary struggle as only one means by which society is to be changed, and that of the reformist, who considers the parliamentary activities of Labour to be its dominant purpose. That contradiction – one could say it is between the conception of a class party on more or less Marxist lines and a 'national' electoral machine – has always existed within the Labour Party. What Dr Miliband has done is to document it more clearly.

That is the crux of the matter, for it involves the future as well as the past of the Labour Party. As I read Dr Miliband's book I found myself asking again why power, or even the prospect of responsibility, seems to emasculate the radical. Mr Crossman himself has often asked that question and given an answer that was un-

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palatable to the party leadership. It is a pity that, on this occasion, he chose to ignore it. His defence of parliamentarism might have been more effective if he had been less angry with Dr Miliband, and more concerned with the substance of a book that should be considered carefully by every thinking member of the Labour Party – especially those who disagree with it.

JEANNE MACKENZIE

5 Branch Hill, NW3

SIR, – Since I write books as well as review them, I am well aware that the reviewer always enjoys an unfair advantage and that therefore indignant authors should be allowed the last word about reviews they dislike. I shall not, therefore, reply to all the charges Dr Miliband and Mr Saville made last week. But I cannot resist commenting on the mystery of Mr Saville's role in the writing of *Parliamentary Socialism*. He starts his second long onslaught on my competence as a reviewer by describing as a 'misstatement' what I fondly imagined was my courteous reference to his 'collaboration with Dr Miliband in the composition of *Parliamentary Socialism*' and adjures me to look at the list of acknowledgments to see that the author is in fact Ralph Miliband. Always willing to oblige, I have duly looked at the acknowledgments and find that the second paragraph runs: 'My friend John Saville has continuously given me invaluable criticism, advice and encouragement in the preparation of this book. It is scarcely too much to say that his help has often amounted to collaboration.'

I leave it to your readers to solve the problem why Mr Saville should be so furious with me for calling attention to the active role he played in the composition of this book and giving him the credit to which Dr Miliband tells us he is entitled.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

House of Commons

"a Waugh without the underlying wounds, a Greene without the guilt"
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"incisive portraits. . . . The writing is at times remarkable . . . read the passage near the beginning on the nature of loneliness."
David Holloway, Daily Telegraph. 18s

HEINEMANN

LIVING WITH THE ENEMY

SIR, – I have read with great interest Dr Chisholm's further remarks on this subject, in which he comments on my earlier letter. Much of what he says I find illuminating and would not presume to disagree with. On the other hand, I still find myself alienated by his underlying attitude to this problem and by his assumptions.

I would plead not guilty to any accusation that I believed in the omnipotence of thoughts or in Idealist philosophy. But one has to recognise that 'reality' is apprehended by and through the minds of individual men, and that, because men's minds differ, 'reality' is apprehended differently by each person. Whether or not one believes that there is such a thing as reality one can at least be certain that one will never find out what it is. This is not mere hair-splitting: on the contrary, it largely accounts for the Cold War – and for the hot wars too. These individual differences of mind may well become collective, and most of us in the West, due to our upbringing and conditioning, have a kind of sieve built into our minds, which allows facts unfavourable to our enemies to pass through but which excludes or perverts facts favourable to them. Our enemies are also blessed with a similar mechanism. This of course is not an original idea. Bertrand Russell constantly says the same thing and says it much better. He sees the sieve clearly enough, but what he does not see, I believe, is that it is an unconscious mechanism and therefore inaccessible to the reason on which he has based his life and philosophy.

When Dr Chisholm tries to lay the whole business of war at the door of capitalism I think he is simply looking for a scapegoat. To blame the wicked capitalists is not, I feel, much more constructive than to blame the wicked Communists. And how on earth does he propose to make capitalism responsible for the recent fearful series of Russian tests?

When I said I regarded the H-bomb as symbolic of the repressed aggression in 'civilised' mankind, I was trying to make a perfectly plain statement of fact which I would like now to elaborate. In their search for the causes of war people will look everywhere but into their own unconscious. In fact people make war because unconsciously they desire war, and they desire it because the restraints which civilisation imposes on their natural instincts become intolerable. Their aggressive instincts are restrained, and the accompanying restraint of their sexual instinct only adds to their aggression. They seek an outlet at all costs. Bertrand Russell himself does not experience this desire for conflict as do most people, probably because he is one of the few people who have managed to put their aggression into everyday life; or, to put it another way, he does experience it but works it off constructively in Trafalgar Square – and all praise to him. But most people's aggression is repressed, and their desire for conflict present but unconscious. Any people of which this was not true would rise up with one accord overnight and destroy with their own hands every nuclear device which their governments were storing on their behalf. And the Communist regime is of course just as repressive as, if not more repressive than, our own: this is why they join so eagerly in the arms race, in spite of not being capitalists.

The point is this. Man knows, unconsciously, that he cannot go back to the primitive natural life of the jungle, to the life of real pleasure and real pain, of real love and real hate, to the life which was a life, however much he may want to. If he is to live he must go on: evolution and biology force him always forwards. And unconsciously he sees before him nothing but the reinforced concrete of further civilisation and the reinforced concrete of the increasing repression of his own nature. The dilemma is terrible. Whatever he may think consciously, is man beginning unconsciously to believe that life is no longer worth living? This is why I feel that Bertrand Russell is wrong when he holds up before us the simple alternatives of nuclear war or an advance into an era of unparalleled happiness. Mastery over the forces of nature will not bring happiness – it may bring unhappiness – unless man also obtains mastery over his own nature, or gives it an outlet. Some outlets already exist (competitive sport for aggression, and almost anything, particularly religion, for sex), but these are proving increasingly inadequate. Are man's unconscious needs being so persistently denied that they will rebel in wrath and force him to destroy his civilisation in an attempt to regain the jungle he has left? Man will have to make a choice, but it will not be a conscious one and it may be that he will choose to make an end.

R. T. OERTON

Parkstone
Poole

SOUTH AFRICAN LIBERALS

SIR, – In your issue of 20 October your special correspondent in South Africa writes: 'The Progressives – like the Liberal Party who are putting up only a couple of candidates – believe in a qualified franchise, though the Liberals go a good deal farther towards full democracy'.

This statement is inaccurate. The Liberal Party does not believe in a qualified franchise. It stands for universal adult suffrage and its policy book states so clearly. The Progressive Party is committed to a qualified franchise for all time, and its leaders have repeatedly stressed that they will under no circumstances abandon this policy in favour of one of universal suffrage.

In your issue of 27 October a further report on the South African General Election states of the Progressive Party that 'its candidates did conduct an election campaign that brought an entirely novel element of reason and honesty into the traditional squalor of South African party politics'

I do not want to detract from the Progressive Party's performance in this election but for years before it existed the Liberal Party was advocating policies considerably in advance of Progressive policies from election and other platforms.

The Liberal Party is still the only South African party which stands for the removal of *all* restrictions based on race and which welcomes into its ranks *any* South African who subscribes to its non-racial principles.

PETER BROWN
National Chairman

Liberal Party of South Africa
268 Longmarket Street
Pietermaritzburg

COMING OUT WORSE

SIR, – The simplest and the most effective way of alleviating the overcrowding in prisons, which was emphasised so unequivocally in Mr K. P. O'Donnell's article, is surely to lock fewer people up – and, instead, to place them on probation. That this is practicable is demonstrated by the sizeable variation in the sentencing policies of different courts. Whether or not an offender is imprisoned or placed on probation often depends not only on his background history but also on before which court, or which particular magistrates, he or she happens to be appearing. These variations are of course inherent in our system of justice but it deserves to be more widely known that (according to the rather slender statistics so far available) the reconviction rates for first offenders who are imprisoned and for those who are placed on probation are remarkably similar – and for that matter the percentages are also similar to those recorded for offenders who are fined or bound over or whose cases are dismissed. In a comparison made by the Home Office's statistical research unit between cases from a court that made frequent use of probation (in 52 per cent of its cases) and carefully 'matched' cases from a control area where probation was used in only 18 per cent of the cases, it was found that the frequency of reconviction for both groups was almost identical.

In other words, for many offenders probation incurs no greater risk for the community than sending them to prison. Quite apart from its being a more humane and constructive form of penal treatment, probation is very much cheaper: the average cost of keeping an offender on probation for a year is said to be £26, compared with an average annual figure of £400 for prisons, Borstals and detention centres.

Despite these obvious advantages and the greater use of probation by the higher courts, it is disturbing to learn that the percentage placed on probation is decreasing. The comparative percentages of male offenders found guilty of indictable offences in 1938 and 1960 who were placed on probation speak for themselves:

Age group	*1938*	*1960*
8-14	50	36
14-17	51	34
17-21	42	24
21-30	18	11
over 30	9	9

Perhaps nowadays probationers are selected with greater care? Perhaps courts are trying to avoid adding to the already over-heavy caseloads borne by their meagrely paid probation officers? Or is it perhaps that too many courts lay too much stress on the need for deterrence?

JOHN ST JOHN

40 Arkwright Road
NW3

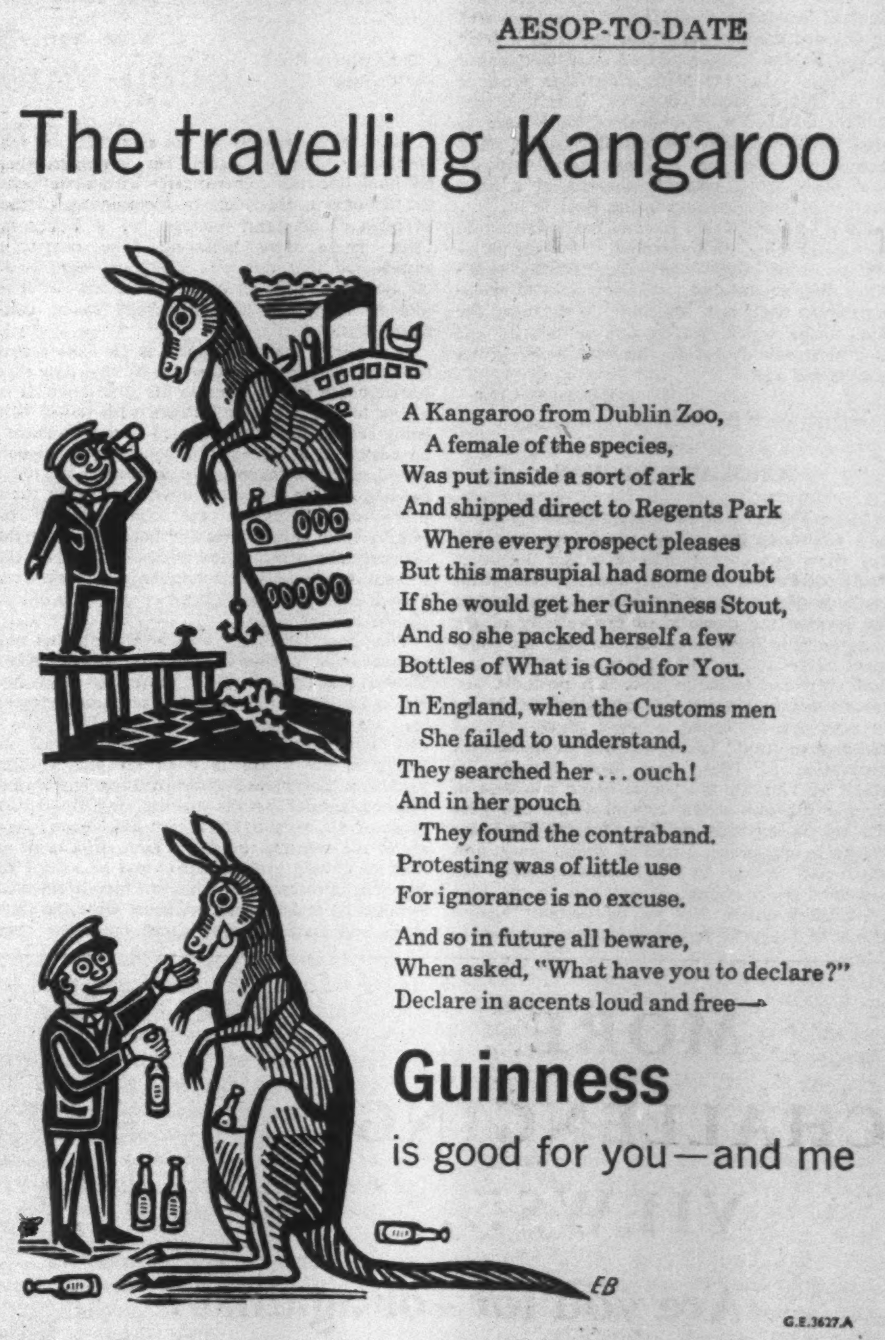
FABIAN SOCIALISM

SIR, – Malcolm Muggeridge's interesting article shows me how far I have failed. My book was partly intended to show that 'Fabian Socialism' was a wider thing altogether than the Fabian Society and not to be identified with the views or quirks of its three most famous exponents. But, apart from a couple of paragraphs which rather hastily acknowledge the work done inside the Society during the last 20 years or outside it for many years before that, Mr Muggeridge's main theme is Beatrice and Sidney Webb, and Bernard Shaw. This, *inter alia*, leads him to an immense over-emphasis of the power motif. He quotes Shaw's admiration of Mussolini, for example, though he must know that this was a personal disease of Shaw's, contracted long after he had ceased in any way to determine Fabian policy, and was shared by practically nobody. Even the Webbs' *Soviet Communism* advertises the Communist Party, with its 'Vocation of Leadership' (like Wells's *Samurai*), rather than Stalin.

The statement that the Fabians 'were ready to accept the pretensions of any power-maniac who purported to share their views' may be taken from Mrs Fremantle's amazingly inaccurate compilation: whether so or not, it is a shocking libel. Will Mr Muggeridge maintain that Graham Wallas, at one end of the tale, or G. D. H. Cole or Leonard Woolf at the other, were obsessed with power? Or will he give me half-a-dozen names among 2,000 in between?

It is true, of course, that the Fabians hoped to get power – sometimes by fairly devious ways. So do all reformers who are not evangelists pure and simple. This dilemma, the choice between preserving your faith at all costs and making some sacrifice in order to obtain part of what you fervently wish to achieve, runs right through the history of the Labour movement, as everyone can see, and it is nowhere better expressed than by Sidney Webb in his presidential address to the Labour Party Conference, in which he asked: 'Why, because we are idealists, should we be supposed to be idiots?' The most that can be said is that the Fabians were over-anxious not to be idiots and therefore, unlike the ILP, leant rather too much on the immediately practical side. Mr Muggeridge may be able to find one or two besides Shaw who thought that to drop democracy was more 'practical'. If so, they resigned pretty soon.

Nobody who knows any history would deny the obvious fact that Fabian political thought, like the policy of the Labour Party, grew up in



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But this marsupial had some doubt
If she would get her Guinness Stout,
And so she packed herself a few
Bottles of What is Good for You.

In England, when the Customs men
  She failed to understand,
They searched her . . . ouch!
And in her pouch
  They found the contraband.
Protesting was of little use
For ignorance is no excuse.

And so in future all beware,
When asked, "What have you to declare?"
Declare in accents loud and free—

Guinness

is good for you—and me

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the days when British naval supremacy and financial leadership were unquestioned, and was conditioned thereby. But there has been a great deal of Fabian work produced since that ceased to be true – has Mr Muggeridge seen none of it? As regards 'small countries', it is true that Fabians attached a good deal of importance to what would nowadays be called 'viability', and that accounts in part for the neutral attitude (not, please note, positive support) of a large number of members during the Boer War.

Let it be granted that Fabians believed it would be a good thing, on the whole, if Fabian philosophers were kings – or kings' private secretaries. But beyond that . . . if you want to evaluate Fabian Socialism, Malcolm, do shake off the Aunt-Image which lies on you so heavily and look at somebody besides Beatrice Webb in her gossipy old age.

MARGARET COLE

74 Addison Way, W11

SCHOLARS AT WAR

SIR, – The dust of scholarly skirmish is somehow refreshing these days, and I hope you will not allow this correspondence to die too soon. Professor Palmer may have been faulted on his methods of presenting his findings, but even to the layman the question of the validity of the facts he puts forward breaks through the argument *ad personem*. Did Sir Arthur Evans in fact find only one tablet in a certain position, and record this in his day book, while later stating in print that he found a hoard of tablets in a different position? Did the results of the sample excavation of 1923 which were recorded in detail by Duncan Mackenzie make nonsense of Evans's previous stratigraphical dating and were the results certainly known to him? Professor Palmer's opponents, some of whom must now have had access to the evidence, have not answered these points: at any rate in the non-specialist journals. Yet the accusations against Evans of *suggestio falsi* and *supressio veri* stand or fall largely on the answers. May we not hear them?

C. W. M. WHITTY

3 Lathbury Road
Oxford

SIR, – In his anxiety to pin something on me Dr Finley stumbles again. He complains that my book does not come to grips with a confidential document. He refers to the minutes of the Mycenaean Seminar, London, of 8 February 1961. These were prefaced: 'The chairman emphasised that this was a private meeting of the Seminar.' It is an odd doctrine that what is sent to Dr Finley ceases thereby to be confidential.

However, I regret as much as Dr Finley that the book had progressed so far by that date that justice could not be done to Mr Boardman. It is a task to which I look forward with relish. Not being able to deny the recorded facts I produced, he advanced a doctrine of conflagration which would not have taken in for a moment the local fire-brigade. Here were men who had spent their professional lives in the contemplation of pottery from ruined sites and had never thought seriously about the varied effects of fire. Not till I went to Crete in September did a derisive French expert exclaim *'Qu'est-ce que c'est que la poterie brulée?'*

Why does Dr Finley concentrate on this one archaeologist, not an expert in the Bronze Age? Should readers not have been told that my results agreed entirely with the pre-decipherment analyses of a leading authority in Dr Finley's own university, whose views are quoted at length in my book? Is it of no interest that Professor Blegen, excavator of Troy and Pylos, reached similar results to my own in 1958? Most of all, should Dr Finley have been silent about the writings of Doro Levi, in the front rank of Cretan archaeologists and excavator of Phaestos? Professor Levi has not merely rejected Evans root and branch: 'we must wipe the slate clean and start all over again from the very beginning' (quoted in my *Antiquity* article). He has accused Evans of distorting his results. Worse, by his tyrannical temper Evans imposed silence or a 'cautious ambiguity' on his collaborators. These serious charges are made in the excavation report for 1958. Now, I have communicated the unreported results of excavations carried out in 1923 which made nonsense of all Evans's previous statements about the room in question. As Dr Finley remarks, 'facts do matter.' But is it I who am suppressing them or Dr Finley?

I end on a note of conciliation. Now that he has reviewed my book, Dr Finley has his opportunity to make his first contribution to Linear B studies. We have all searched in vain in Crete for the key 'hoard' of tablets which Evans alleged he had found in the north part of the palace. After ten years we know only of one scrap, and this is the one which, on the testimony of Evans's own record, he found near the south-west entrance. The 'hoard' looks like a complete fabrication. Here is Dr Finley's chance. Your readers, Sir, are the intellectual salt of this English earth. Their passionless eyes are upon him. All he has to do is to quote the inventory numbers of the 'hoard'. If he cannot do so, then let him remain for ever silent. He can rely on Mr Boardman to put asunder what Evans found together.

L. R. PALMER

Worcester College,
Oxford

M. I. FINLEY *writes:* It seems necessary to remind Professor Palmer that it was he who wrote the book, not I. It was his responsibility, not mine, to marshal and weigh all the evidence and arguments. It was enough for me to point out that he concealed from his readers that 'there is no agreement among the archaeologists'. Professor Palmer needs to learn the lesson first taught by Abelard, that the truth is never reached by counting up the authorities one can quote on one side or the other (let alone by counting one side and ignoring the others).

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

L'Esprit de Montesquieu

HUGH TREVOR-ROPER

The 1740s were an explosive decade in European intellectual history: as explosive as the 1850s. The mines had long been laid and there had already been some premonitory blasts; but now, one after another, they went off. From the Huguenot presses of Holland and Switzerland the revolutionary books invaded France. Church and State did their best. Books were burnt, authors imprisoned. And no wonder, we say, thinking of Voltaire, Diderot, Lamettrie. . . . All the same it seems odd that the greatest outcry was caused by that innocent, majestic work of scholarship, the foundation of modern sociology, published in Geneva in 1748: Montesquieu's *L'Esprit des Lois.*

How could anyone think of the Président de Montesquieu as a revolutionary? His very title suggested respectability. He had been *Président à mortier* of the *Parlement* of Bordeaux; and although he had sold this legal office quarter-of-a-century ago, the title stuck. It is true, his first work, his *Lettres Persanes,* published in 1721, had contained some subversive quips, and Cardinal Fleury, for that reason, had vetoed his election to the Academy. But that was a momentary incident, long past. Montesquieu's next published work, his *Considérations sur les causes de la grandeur des Romains et de leur décadence,* though also published abroad, had been quite harmless. To make sure, he had had the manuscript checked by a Jesuit; and among the causes of decline (unlike Gibbon) he had prudently said nothing about Christianity. By 1734, when Voltaire's *English Letters* were burnt by the hangman in Paris, the middle-aged author of the *Persian Letters* had become, as it seemed, perfectly safe. He was known, as Mr Robert Shackleton says in this excellent, scholarly biography,* only as 'the author of indifferent papers to a provincial academy', of a gay, juvenile satire, and a brilliant but unsound historical essay. He had won a small place in some of the Parisian salons, and that seemed to satisfy him. Besides, he had poor eyesight and feared blindness. And so, on his return from England, he had retired to the country, to his own medieval *château* of La Brède.

Montesquieu loved the country, especially La Brède. He devised Virgilian and Horatian mottos for its gateways and drawbridges, pottered about its fields, visited the peasants in their cottages, talked to them in their *patois,* settled their disputes, and sealed the agreement over their wine. He grew his own wine too: it was a significant part of his income, of which he had to be careful – very sharp he was on poachers and mindful of small debts. But in general he was a genial patriarch, leaving the business of the estate to his formidable Calvinist wife. Who could have imagined the real life of this unfashionable country squire, constantly reorganising his thousands of notes in the imposing barrel-vaulted library of La Brède, from which he would emerge, after 20 years of rumination, famous and heretical in the eyes of the Establishment and the Enlightenment alike?

Of course, once we look below the surface, the heretic against the Establishment soon appears. In his great work Montesquieu might take care to disown such heresy: *'je n'ai point naturellement l'esprit désapprobateur.'* But his whole life, as well as his theories, made him a critic of the French monarchy and its established Church. There was Protestantism and Jansenism in his family. He had associated with Italian Jansenists in Rome, French Huguenots in London. Like Voltaire, he had been hugely attracted by England, that nation *'où la république se cache sous la forme de la monarchie'*. Like Voltaire, he had moved in the circle of Bolingbroke and been excited by the new English science. He had even become a Fellow of the Royal Society and (more suspect still in Rome) a Freemason.

In spite of thanking God publicly *'de ce qu'il m'a fait naître dans le gouvernement où je vis'*, his whole philosophy shows him, at heart, a republican and a deist. Richelieu was his avowed, Louis XIV his unavowed *bête noire* in history. Republican Rome, constitutional England, and the feudal, decentralised monarchies of the Middle Ages were his favourite topics. Only republics, he maintained, were animated by a principle of civic virtue: monarchies were inspired by a feudal sense of 'honour' which was quite different. In saying this, he claimed only to analyse, but it is difficult not to infer a preference. As for religion, that, he believed, was always social in form: its sole value lay in its practical effects. Religious truth did not interest him, though he knew what was plainly false. The Pope, he wrote in the *Lettres Persanes,* was a magician who teaches that 3 = 1, that bread is not bread nor wine wine.

However discreetly such views might be expressed, their basic philosophy was clearly dynamite, and when they were finally published, as part of a general system, the explosion was predictable. The Jesuit who had vetted the harmless *Considerations on the Romans* was outraged. Why had he not been consulted? Why had he received no review-copy? Montesquieu's reply, that he had better not read the book, since it was beyond his competence, did nothing to calm him.

The Jansenists – those 18th-century French Jansenists, so crabbed and bigoted compared with their liberal predecessors and Italian contemporaries – were no less indignant. The General Assembly of the French clergy demanded action, although its president, an urbane aristocratic cardinal, contrived to divert its rage against a still more monstrous book which suggested that the clergy be taxed. The Sorbonne resolved to censure the work. The Vatican, after much buzzing in those worldly *coulisses,* condemned it. In 1751 Montesquieu joined Montaigne and Descartes on that intellectual *Livre d'Or,* the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum.*

The victims of persecution hang together. When Montesquieu was attacked, Voltaire rushed to his support and in the common struggle they seemed, for a time, members of the same party. But once again first sight is deceptive. In fact Montesquieu, like his great disciple Gibbon, felt an increasing dislike for Voltaire; and this dislike was not only personal or temperamental: it sprang, in both cases, from a fundamental difference of positive philosophy.

For fundamentally Voltaire and the Encyclopaedists were revolutionaries. In their own minds they knew what was wrong with society; they knew the right form of society which must replace it; and they believed that the change could and should be brought about swiftly and completely, by the capture of central power. However much they demanded tolerance, it was uncertain how far they would grant it. Their respect for truth had its limits; there is justice in Gibbon's contemptuous remark that, in some respects, Voltaire was 'a bigot, an intolerant bigot'. And they supported the power of the state, provided it was used for their purposes, with too few reservations. Provided the Despots who did such things were 'enlightened', Voltaire saw nothing but good in the partition of Poland, nothing to censure in the palace murders of Catherine the Great. It was not without reason that he was afterwards held to be the prophet of the Jacobins.

Very different was the positive philosophy of Montesquieu. His principles had come to him more slowly, out of his studies. He has described how he found them: how again and again he had abandoned his *magnum opus*; how his studies long lacked form and purpose; how he grasped the truth only to lose it; and how then, suddenly, he discovered his principles, and from that moment *'tout ce que je cherchais est venu à moi'*. And as these principles had come more slowly, out of thousands of observations from China to Peru, so they were far more complex than those of the Encyclopaedists. Instead of one enemy to be removed, one set of reforms to be introduced by one central authority, he saw a number of causes, arranged here and there in different patterns and producing different results. Behind the institutions and habits of any society, creating and conditioning them, lay a tissue of forces, some human, some impersonal, some changeable, some not: 'men are governed by many things: climate, religion, laws, maxims of government, examples of things past, customs, manners; from all which is derived a general spirit'. That general spirit, of which rulers and reformers must take account, was what Montesquieu summarised as *L'Esprit des Lois*.

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* *Montesquieu. Oxford.* 45*s.*

The consequence of such a philosophy is obvious. Montesquieu, without doubt, was a reformer. His ideal society was certainly not the French *Ancien Régime*. He believed strongly – far more strongly than Voltaire – in liberty. But he warned his fellow-reformers that the way to change is not quick or easy. Republicanism may be the best form, but the 18th-century is a monarchical century and monarchies cannot be changed into republics by mere central surgery: the whole 'spirit' is involved. Reform, to be effective, must take account of the pattern of social forces; liberty, to be real, must be embedded in it. The study of society as it is must precede and limit change. If Voltaire looks forward to the Jacobins, Montesquieu, equally condemned by the conservatives of his time, looks forward to the most eloquent and influential, though not necessarily the most profound, of the anti-Jacobins, Edmund Burke.

The discovery that Montesquieu was not an irreconcilable heretic was soon made. Only four years after the condemnation of his work, the great man, now a lion of Parisian society, was suddenly taken ill. It was clear that he was going to die. Among the ambassadors and duchesses who crowded around his bed it was whispered that the parish priest had called, but had been excluded. In a lucid moment Montesquieu ordered that he be admitted, and when he came, asked for a confessor. Two Jesuits, a Frenchman and an Irishman, hastened to the scene, prepared to make a spectacular spiritual coup. The nuncio was primed, the Pope eagerly awaited the report and all arrangements were made for full publicity. Then the interrogation began. The sick man gracefully agreed to everything. He admitted that a reprehensible love of novelty had led him to express views which might seem to cast doubt on his faith. He undertook, should he recover, to make full reparation in whatever form his confessor should think fit. On these conditions the Host was brought in, and having agreed that the wafer was God, Montesquieu was allowed to receive it. Then the Jesuits pressed him to surrender to them the manuscript of his proposed last corrections to the *Lettres Persanes*. But here the dying man suddenly stiffened. '*Je veux tout sacrifier à la raison et à la réligion*', he said, '*mais rien à la Société*'; and before the eyes of the mortified missionaries he gave the manuscript to two great ladies. His friends, not the Society of Jesus, were to decide.

Montesquieu died famous in France, but it was not in France that he had his greatest success. The 'spirit' of the French monarchy was against him and it was Voltaire, not he, who – disastrously – prevailed. But in the North it was different. In England political issues were less burning: men had more time to think; and so, if they thought at all, they thought with Montesquieu. The great Scotsmen who made the English Enlightenment fell upon him: it was on his work that Robertson, Hume, Adam Smith, Millar, Ferguson based the new science of sociology. As Millar wrote, 'the great Montesquieu pointed out the road. He was the Lord Bacon in this branch of science. Dr Smith is the Newton'. The young Gibbon was entranced by him: without the *Esprit des Lois* there would never have been the *Decline and Fall*. The makers of the American constitution bowed to his precepts. There is a pleasant irony to the condescending words of one who believed in more revolutionary methods. 'Montesquieu?' exclaimed the Marquis de Mirabeau, on hearing the King of Sweden pronounce that half-forgotten name, '*les rêveries surannées de cet homme ne sont plus estimées que dans quelques cours du nord*'.

Naygurs

Little Brown Brother. By LEON WOLFF. *Longmans. 30s.*

A Nation of Sheep. By WILLIAM LEDERER. *Cassell. 16s.*

One of America's greatest handicaps in international politics is the unwillingness of the American people to believe that they are regarded, in most parts of the world, as actual or potential imperialists. The myth of American history, as taught in most American schools and universities, casts the United States as the champion of the oppressed and the enemy of imperialism in every form. As myths go, this is accurate enough. It is certainly more attractive, and no further from the truth, than the British myth of freedom peacefully broadening down from precedent to precedent, or the Soviet myth of Moscow as the proletarian Third Rome. Nevertheless, it *is* a myth. American imperialism had a shorter and less dignified career than its European counterparts. But as Mr Wolff reminds us, it did exist – and while it lasted it was marked by a characteristic combination of braggadocio and humbug.

Little Brown Brother is a history of the American conquest of the Philippines, told with great narrative skill in a splendidly ironic style. It should be compulsory reading for those puzzled New Frontiersmen who cannot understand why the neutrals do not share their own conviction of innate American innocence. The most striking lesson that emerges from it is that the attitudes fostered by the anti-imperialist creed of the American people proved to be among the most powerful allies of imperialist sentiment. In America, as in Europe, naked greed and the search for markets played their part. But, as in Europe, their part was a secondary one. Indeed, Mr Wolff suggests that Wall Street was at first opposed to the war with Spain. So far from welcoming the prospect of colonial expansion, President McKinley and Mark Hanna, the leading political apostles of Big Business, feared that war might damage the economy. Once American intervention in the Philippines had begun, Business changed its mind (though Andrew Carnegie was a pillar of the anti-imperialist cause). But businessmen did not direct public opinion; they followed it.

They followed partly because they hoped for profit, but chiefly because they believed it to be right. America, the popular reasoning went, had saved the Filipinos from Spanish misrule. Could she honourably leave them to the misrule of their own compatriots? If the Filipinos tried to govern themselves they would plunge into anarchy or tyranny; and before long they might be subjugated by some European empire. As McKinley memorably put it, 'there was nothing left to do but to take them all, and to educate the Filipinos and uplift and civilize and Christianize them.' Or, in Mr Dooley's words:

> We say to thim: 'Naygurs', we say, 'poor, dissolute, uncovered wretches', says we, 'ye mis'rable, childish-minded apes, we propose f'r to larn ye th'uses iv liberty. . . . We can't give ye anny votes, because we haven't more thin enough to go round now; but we'll threat ye th' way a father shud threat his children, if we have to break ivry bone in y'er bodies.'

The American conquest of the Philippines was stubbornly resisted by the Filipinos, and achieved only at great cost by the use of the barbaric methods customary in colonial warfare. Yet it was undertaken from a sense of duty. It was justified by two assumptions: that coloured people are incapable of governing themselves, and that the United States has a unique and highly moral destiny, which makes her peculiarly well-fitted to guide and protect less fortunate lands. The first assumption was common to almost all white men at the turn of the century – even the pro-Boers did not imagine that the Bantus had any interest in the South African War. The second assumption has been common through most of American history. The exact nature of America's destiny has, of course, varied. At times, America has turned in on herself, seeking to lead mankind by the mere force of example. At other times she has felt it necessary actively to chastise the forces of evil. Sometimes the interventionists have been 'Left' and the isolationists 'Right'; at other times the positions have been reversed. The Filipinos suffered from an interventionist phase not essentially different from the one that benefited us in 1947.

Whether American interventionism is universally beneficial is a more doubtful question. Mr Lederer's *A Nation of Sheep* is a furious attack on the inadequacies of American foreign policy in the Far East, which, he argues, could be removed by greater interest in current affairs on the part of the American public. Unfortunately, Mr Lederer makes it only too obvious that the views which he wants the American people to acquire as the result of more intensive newspaper-reading are, if anything, sillier than their present views. What he seems to want is a well-informed, high-pressure anti-Communist crusade. I prefer the one they have.

DAVID MARQUAND

Flashes and Feelings

Ecstasy. By MARGHANITA LASKI. *Cresset. 55s.*

'You'll lose it if you talk about it.' That was Jake's advice to Brett in *The Sun Also Rises* when she was going on about how ecstatic she felt after giving up the young bullfighter. Perhaps it helps to explain why one reacts with a faint wave of irritation to Miss Laski's elaborate descriptive survey. Ecstasies are fragile states and can easily be dissipated or turned into their opposites. I find myself unexpectedly reticent when faced by the Laski interrogation. Her first question: 'Do you know a transcendent ecstasy?' provokes a philistine retort of 'I don't know and I wouldn't tell you if I did.' This is unfair as well as infantile. Miss Laski has done her job with characteristic industry and intelligence. She has combed the literature, and not only

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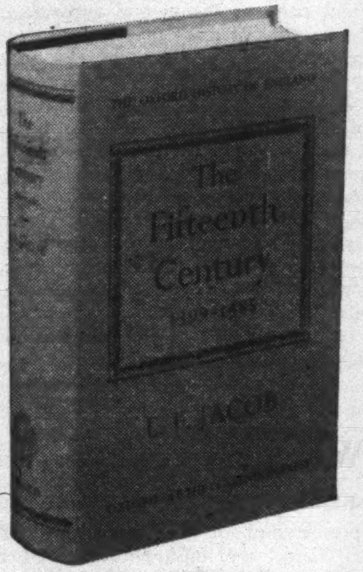

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the writings of the mystics and the poets, very thoroughly and subjected it to a content analysis. She has put carefully framed questionnaires to 63 persons and made a detailed statistical analysis of their replies.

Her book is a useful descriptive catalogue and it will deserve its place in the library together with, though not on the same shelf as, William James's *Varieties of Religious Experience* and Russell's *Mysticism And Logic*. Her approach incidentally is very close to that recommended by Russell in his fine essay, where, after examining and declaring to be illusory some of the traditional claims such as timelessness and unity, he yet affirms that mystical experiences, provided they are treated with sufficient critical caution, have a unique value. Miss Laski's conclusions are perhaps rather scanty, and in her anxiety to be strictly scientific she has adopted a style that reads as if a virgin contributor to *Nature* were making her debut. Just how much she communicates that is new I am not certain; but her illustrations are a genuine contribution. Her classification of intensity and withdrawal ecstasies is probably useful. I am not so sure about some of her other labels such as Adamic or pristine and innocent ecstasies, and knowledge-content ecstasies, though I think these correspond to certain definite psychological states.

Omissions? She might have told us more about collective states in which the ecstasy is shared, whether by religious congregations or by society at large – such as the bourgeois revolution when, as Marx wrote in his *18th Brumaire*, 'men and things seem set in sparkling brilliants; ecstasy is the everyday moment.' Also she is so determined to be fair, to avoid any vulgar specious applications of psychoanalysis, and to discount the suggestion that an ecstasy is nothing more than a displaced orgasm, that she sometimes leans over backwards. Writing of the flashes and feelings in the heart which St Augustine experienced, she remarks:

> It seems to me that it may be of similar feelings that St Teresa is speaking when she refers to a fire-tipped spear that pierces through her heart so deeply that it pierces her entrails. Ecstasies provide few claims of feelings below the chest. . . . Leuba explains St Teresa's experience as being 'the participation of sex organs tormented by an insufficient stimulation'. But many such stabs to the heart do *not* penetrate to the entrails: entrails are not sexual organs. . . .

Her reasons for rejecting the homology between the raptures of theistic mystics and sexual union are based, as far as I can make out, on this very doubtful statement: 'In sexual intercourse, whether ecstatic or not, no male, so far as I know, feels himself to be playing the part of the female and his female that of the male.' And she seemed to regard Donne's poem, *The Ecstasy*, as an account of a specifically Catholic prolonged trance-like state rather than a sublimated embrace, a case of what Coleman called 'the genuine Platonic fumblers'. Indeed the concept of sublimation gets surprisingly little attention.

I wish, too, that she could have given us some more comparisons of ecstasies with both normal euphoria and psychopathological states such as that of Kraepelin's manic patient who declared: 'Statues salute me by nodding; the moon curves across the sky in my honour.' She does of course touch on the psychiatric aspect of ecstasy, just as she quotes documents of various drug-takers. One of her principal sources is John Custance's fascinating account of a manic depressive psychosis, *Wisdom, Madness and Folly*, and she draws the correct analogy between mania and depression and the mystic's ecstasy and the corresponding desolation or dark night of the soul. But I wish she could have provided some account of the psychoanalytical interpretation of mystical states. There is nothing vulgar or specious about the suggestion that an ecstasy must be accompanied by some change in the everyday relationship between the different parts of the mental apparatus. Mystical sensations of unity may or may not have their origin in the fusion of ego and super-ego, but the hypothesis is worth mentioning. Also the somewhat unsatisfactory nature of the mystical revelations has been ascribed variously both to the difficulty for a finite organism of apprehending the infinite and, in the cases of some of the more nihilistic forms of mysticism, to narcissism. There are also some fascinating comparisons to be made between mystical and schizophrenic states in which the boundaries of the ego are transcended. I believe that even the odour of sanctity has its counterpart in the smell of certain schizophrenics.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Whiggery-Pokery

The First Whigs. By J. R. JONES. *Oxford*. 30*s*.

Misrepresentation of the conclusions of Sir Lewis Namier and misapplication of his techniques has tended to breed the idea that political parties did not exist in England before the 19th century. This is manifestly untrue. Parties in the modern sense – organised, disciplined bodies with coherent political principles – did indeed rarely exist, and then only temporarily; but organisation, discipline and principles are not the only cement of party. Religion, social connections, economic interests, fear, prejudice or mere habit can be powerful cohesive forces. The Rockinghams, Walpole's 'Old Corps', the Junto, even the Puritan 'choir' of Elizabeth's reign were all parties of a sort; but perhaps none of these comes as close to the modern notion of a party as the Whigs of Shaftesbury's day.

Whiggery is an elusive concept. To Dr Johnson the Devil was the first Whig; to Lord Acton, St Thomas Aquinas. One can argue endlessly and pointlessly whether Lord North and the younger Pitt were Whigs or Tories, and struggle hopelessly to reconcile the Whiggism of Walpole with that of Charles James Fox. But no one will deny that those who during the crisis of 1679-81 advocated the exclusion of James, Duke of York, from the throne of England were by definition Whig, and these are the men with whom Mr Jones is concerned in his unpretentious but useful little book. Unlike Professor Walcott, he wisely sees family and social relationships as much less significant in an age of real political issues than they were in the mid-18th century; and he can find no parallel to those facile socio-economic divisions in terms of which it has become fashionable to interpret the Great Rebellion. The Whig-Tory dichotomy was born of a single issue which cut across geographical, social and class groupings: whether the hereditary succession should be broken. On this the Whigs gave an unhesitating affirmative, for they believed that only thus could the property, religion and liberties of the nation be preserved.

In order to achieve their end they were prepared to subordinate their individual freedom of action to a degree of cohesion and discipline that even Pym had failed to achieve. They dominated four successive

Houses of Commons, controlled the City, forced the King to make concessions and commanded overwhelming support in the country. Yet in 1681 Whig power and Whig hopes shared with the Oxford Parliament the fate of sudden and unexpected dissolution, and the ensuing triumph of Tory Anglicanism was so complete that Charles II could afford to dispense with Parliament for the remainder of his reign.

Mr Jones gives us a good, clear narrative account of the stages in the Whig rise and decline, but he scarcely explains this remarkable phenomenon. The Whig leaders figure prominently in his pages, but not the rank and file. There is much illustration but little analysis. The result is an interesting, impressionistic general picture, but much work remains to be done on personnel, organisation and even leadership before we can fully comprehend either why the Whigs came to enjoy such widespread support, or why that support proved so ephemeral. Meanwhile we must continue to assume that their success was due chiefly to their skill in harnessing the national hysteria engendered by the Popish Plot, and their defeat to the fact that Charles II was a shrewder politician than Shaftesbury. By artfully playing for time he allowed Whig extremism to secure its own destruction, for in the last resort the country would not risk civil war merely on suspicion of what James *might* do. In four short years, of course, James proved that Whig fears had been abundantly justified, and the measure of his almost incredible folly was that he converted a party opposition that had been ignominiously defeated into a national opposition that drove him from the throne.

Yet if the Whigs were right, it is difficult to warm to them. They had their fair share of time-servers, and all of them were ready to invent plots, manufacture evidence, bribe witnesses, perjure themselves and generally pervert the cause of justice to serve their own political ends. Like misery, liberty acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. The Tories were no better and it is easy to see why 'party' was execrated for the next 100 years. Yet Whigs and Tories combined to effect the Revolution of 1688 and pave the way for the ultimate emergence of parliamentary government. Their motives may have been selfish and their methods unsavoury, but their instincts were sound.

JOHN OWEN

Anthropological Reform

Rethinking Anthropology. By E. R. LEACH. *Athlone Press.* 21*s*.

Malinowski and Radcliffe-Brown, who between them trained many of the most prominent social anthropologists today, were both impressive teachers. Fluent, knowledgeable and self-confident, they seem never to have tired of communicating to their students their own rather different but equally strong convictions about the methods necessary for a scientific study of primitive societies. In the first Malinowski Memorial Lecture which gives this collection of essays its title, Dr Leach, one of the last of Malinowski's students at LSE and now Reader in Cambridge, recreates something of their enthusiasm for questioning accepted principles, including some which derive from the masters themselves.

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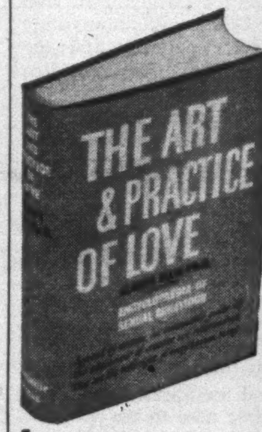

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ment in Ethnographic Algebra,' and 'The Structural Implications of Matrilateral Cross-Cousin Marriage' – may give some indication of the specialism and technicality of much anthropological discussion at the present time, while 'Rethinking Anthropology' records the stimulus of detailed disagreements within a small circle of friends and colleagues, and will doubtless add to them.

Dr Leach's accomplished technical work is sufficient reason for making a book of these essays; but to have them together also makes it possible to see an underlying consistency in the author's approach to anthropology. His principal contention is that more effort should be made to experiment with fairly simple mathematical and logical constructs in the formulation of anthropological problems. He has a low opinion of much that passes for 'abstraction' in social anthropology, and has observed that studies which claim to be analytic are often merely rather high-flown descriptions full of abstract words.

The manner of writing is often provocative and is intended to be so, but the demands for anthropological reform are modest. They are for a less discursive presentation of ethnographic fact, a more critical attitude to established 'concepts' and classifications, and a greater emphasis on intellectual invention and generalisation. Certainly those who, like Leach himself, are bored with what he calls 'butterfly collecting', the mere labelling and classifying of customs and institutions, are likely to turn away more and more from many currently established theories and procedures, searching for new ways of simplifying the handling of ethnographic material. At the moment, there is too much information chasing too few ideas.

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Turbulence. By CHRISTOPHER HODDER-WILLIAMS. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 16*s.*

The Man Who Ran Away. By DANIEL DODSON. *Barker.* 16*s.*

The Iron Ladies. By DAVID DIVINE. *Hutchinson.* 21*s.*

The Torch. By WILDER PENFIELD. *Harrap.* 16*s.*

The Lily and the Lion. By MAURICE DRUON. Translated by Humphrey Hare. *Hart-Davis.* 16*s.*

The Second Life of Captain Contreras. By TORCUATO LUCA DE TENA. Translated by Barnaby Conrad. *Cape.* 15*s.*

Come Out to Play. By ALEX COMFORT. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 16*s.*

The Bodley Head Scott Fitzgerald. Volume IV. *Bodley Head.* 20*s.*

It's hard to be fair to novels of action. Human beings, their lives largely made up of routine and reverie, seem quite unlike those dynamos pounding monotonously away. And apart from this, the reader is apt to be unduly *parti pris*, his mind cluttered with echoes and reminiscences of other writers who have succeeded in making action mean something. I was conscious of both these bits of bias in reading *Turbulence*, a Balchinesque study of managerial power in the aircraft industry and the maimed executives who wield it. These are all either crazy, ambitious, neurotic or sinister, the long rather than the short-haired executive type. The story of the construction of the civil airliner hurries on forcefully, and the novel makes a good contrast between the smooth power of the machines and the damaged nature of the men who control and design them. But the style is without anything of Balchin's point and spareness and the general impression is of blundering masculine vigour.

We are meant, I'm sure, to take the industrial story as a parable on the private lives of the characters, and the flawed machine as a symbol of different forms of human impotence. But this theme is rather too much for the resources of the genre, or at least for this particular author. *The Man Who Ran Away* also strains after an inappropriate significance, but this time in the manner of a non-Catholic, Scandinavian Graham Greene. An American pilot, exiled in a pre-Cuban dictatorship, strives in the small gaps between bed and plane to find his liberal soul. There is a distinctly academic note to the violence, which includes a prolonged and gloating torture scene, and the hero delivers himself, usually on his merry way to bed, of such profundities as 'Life is always there, prepared to snap.' *The Iron Ladies*, on the other hand, which has to do with the development of iron-clads in the American Civil War, is much more modest and much more successful. Its brisk, unaffected manner, its informed concern with technical details, are exactly suited to make the most of an exciting phase of naval warfare.

After all this 'hurly burly' of action a bit of 'deep peace' is acceptable, and there is a nice, old-fashioned double-bed quality about *The Torch*. Mr Penfield is a surgeon and he has turned his hobby – the classics – to likeable account in a novel on the life of his eminent precursor, Hippocrates. Perhaps Hippocrates has been too much assimilated to Mr Penfield's scholarly temperament, perhaps he made his medical discoveries with less equanimity than Mr Penfield shows, but a quiet note is not out of place in a book which is in a charming way commemorative rather than revealing.

There is no dimming of immediacy or impact in *The Lily and the Lion*, the latest volume of Maurice Druon's saga of the Middle Ages. It is a remarkable example of the current French flair for historical fiction. M. Druon's dry, aphoristic writing makes the period, bloody, superstitious and impassioned as it was, a solid and credible thing. His secret seems to be to allow no discrepancy between the flow of history and the natural structure of the novel. In this case the centre-piece is a fine portrait of Robert of Artois, a terrifying boar of a man, which binds the affairs of England and France together.

The past is also invoked in *The Second Life of Captain Contreras*. A Spanish mercenary returns to life (or does he? is he just a fake?) and brings the miraculous 17th century face to face with the sceptical 20th. He accepts the hydrogen bomb, radar, Nato and planetary trips in his stride but trembles at running water, democracy, a doorbell or a girl on a bicycle. This is a spirited and taking fantasy, but Captain Contreras is no genteel New Englander. He is more like Lazarus than Rip Van Winkle, and it seems right that under the surface of mischief there should be a Latin edge and grimness.

In Alex Comfort's grittily amusing *Come Out to Play*, the author is against established religion, governments, royalty, experts, non-expertness in sex, and what his hero Goggins calls 'the Friworld'. He is in favour of biology, Indian teaching on sex, and research. He also holds the sensible doctrine that the system is only the organisation of our intentions, past and present, and that the first step in modifying the system is to change ourselves. Goggins, therefore, begins classes for teaching finesse in sex (the Fabian technique) and also uses a Science Fiction perfume discovered by his colleague Marcel to secure some more explosive reforms (the Lenin method). There are some nice pieces of abuse, a batch of attractively ludicrous characters and a sufficiently insane plot. To shine at this lark, however, requires a nimbler talent than the author seems to have. There is a solid-bottomed, almost Victorian air about the whole thing, an ill-dissembled earnestness perhaps, which clogs the narrative and diminishes the pace of the romp in places to a weird, slow motion. And a taste for puns – 'half an oaf is better than no bed' – and dramatised names, Fossil-Fundament the Foreign Secretary, Sir Frank Pus the Physician, would almost suggest that *Come Out to Play* is the work of a bleak, clowning 19th-century radical – Bradlaugh in tights.

The fourth volume of the elegant Bodley Head Scott Fitzgerald contains *The Beautiful and the Damned* and two short stories. What an amazingly youthful writer this favourite spoilt child of American literature was! *The Beautiful and the Damned*, though first published in 1922 when Fitzgerald was 36 and already a seasoned and successful writer, has all the ardent romanticism and the candid tenderness of the very young. It is, in fact, Fitzgerald and soda, not quite up to full strength. Anthony Patch, the alcoholic hero, Gloria, his lovely, obsessively selfish wife, Adam, the puritan millionaire grandfather, continue the war of youth and age; the circle of undergraduate friends, the slightly sub-human shopgirls, the superannuated parents, the sinister businessmen are recorded with the usual minute fidelity; the wonder of money and the horror of work occupy the same places; and Fitzgerald's hopeless infatuation with what he seems to be criticising is still there in the middle.

William Walsh

Cook's Severed Head

The Journals of Captain James Cook. Volume II. *Cambridge.* £6.

Cook was possessed of the supreme secret that places him firmly among the greatest of explorers: the knowledge of exactly when to turn back, when to ignore finally the temptation to press on a mile farther to possible disaster and (worse) public obloquy. On the morning of 31 January 1774 he reached 70° 10′ S. Nobody has got so far south. by sea, since. 'I will not say it was impossible anywhere to get in among this Ice,' he wrote,

> but I will assert that the bare attempting of it would be a very dangerous enterprise and what I believe no man in my situation would have thought of. I whose ambition leads me not only farther than any other man has been before me, but as far as I think it possible for man to go, was not sorry at meeting with this interruption . . .

He writes with the strict pen and the sharply casual eye of the born observer, missing nothing. In New Zealand, at the end of one of the respites from the three-year cruise through the Southern ice, he discovers his quarter-deck crowded with Maoris bearing the head of a youth of 14 or 15:

> The sight of the head . . struck me with horror and filled my mind with indignation against these Canibals, but when I considered that any resentment I could shew would avail but little and being desireous of being an eye wittness to a fact which many people had their doubts about, I concealed my indignation and ordered a piece of the flesh to be broiled and brought on the quarter deck where one of these Canibals eat it with a seeming good relish before the whole ships Company which had such effect on some of them as to cause them to vomit.

Cursed by the disagreements and petty jealousies particularly of his civilian staff, continually soaked, suffering from rheumatism, his voyage haunted by the spectre of ice (it is possible that Coleridge got much of the imagery for *The Ancient Mariner* from one of his astronomers), Cook maintained nevertheless the best of relations with his crew. He was almost always equally successful with the native populations The Navy and the Victualling Boards sprang to serve 99.9 per cent of his demands and never seem to have recovered from his trick, when the ships were being fitted out, of calling in person, asking for special supplies, securing official permission, and writing out the official request last.

Dr J. C. Beaglehole's edition of the journal, nothing short of superb, is illustrated by reproductions of (among others) suitably awestruck crayon drawings of Tahitians, Easter Islanders, Tongans. These, by the ship's artist William Hodges, exhibit a very proper respect for the subjects. Hodges was said to have remained on board the *Resolution* at Plymouth in order to avoid his creditors. On the other hand, the story may have been the invention of a naturalist at one time connected with the expedition. 'Curse the scientists, and all science into the bargain!' Cook, in another context, once cried. His voice, in this uncharacteristically irrational outburst, rings clearly across two centuries.

Charles Causley

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A Farewell to Tragedy

JOHN GROSS

Tragedy is plentiful in life but scarce in literature; since the 17th century the tragic drama has been in bad shape, and George Steiner now pronounces life to be extinct.* Since his inquest only takes into account the theatre, it would be possible to accept his verdict and still ask whether the novel and the cinema haven't usurped what was once the playwright's territory. But although he confines his attention to the stage, Mr Steiner refers to theatrical history only in passing; his concern is with the tragic spirit itself, and its diminished role throughout Western culture.

Like all the indispensable categories of literature, tragedy is a slippery and approximate term: to Mr Steiner it means the acceptance of suffering as inevitable and irreparable. Man is the scapegoat of irrational destiny, presumptious in his ambitions but mysteriously ennobled by being punished far in excess of his guilt. Further than this Mr Steiner refuses to be drawn, preferring to illustrate his theme with quotation and example. Since he is wide-ranging and scholarly (even if he does mix up Lear and Gloucester on two separate occasions), the results are often informative, but the final effect is of a glossy intellectual travelogue; five minutes of Corneille and then we're whisked on to Kleist, while the commentator remorselessly intones his sonorous platitudes. Still, a thesis emerges, however fitfully; and nothing less than the whole 'complex of Hellenic and Christian values' is at stake.

Mr Steiner owes more to Nietzsche than his title; he also shares the view that tragedy depends on a body of myth (the wisdom of Dionysus made articulate through the art of Apollo) which has been destroyed by science. Great drama is impossible without the symbols and rituals of a religion which binds together the universe in a natural hierarchy. When it comes to the question of how far a dramatist is actually meant to believe in his Beliefs, Mr Steiner is inclined to shuffle: it is enough if he 'shares the same habits of belief' with his audience. You can't be more guarded than that. But one thing is certain: the old order is shattered, and attempts to provide a home-made substitute (Wagner, Blake) are doomed to failure.

Who are the culprits? First, inevitably in a survey of this kind, the middle classes, eternally rising like yeast. Falstaff punctures chivalry with the language of the counting-house ('Honour? A trim reckoning') and paves the way to Shaftesbury Avenue. Next, Romanticism, with its rosy Rousseauistic faith in human perfectibility; and then Mr Steiner doubles back and blames Cartesian philosophy for enthroning reason and snapping the great chain of being. These are the half-truths of the text-books, summing up an age in a Pangloss or a single stanza of Shelley. Neo-classic tragedy after Racine may be frigid, but not necessarily on account of the philosophers; the point about 18th-century optimism is that, pushed far enough, it becomes deeply tragic. If *this* is the best of all possible worlds – ! And when Mr Steiner decides that some of the German Romantics did manage to scale the heights of tragedy after all, instead of questioning his original account of Romanticism he resorts to a clumsy sleight of hand, and reminds us that the romantic age was 'also that of Beethoven.'

But is the tragic vision the same thing as a pessimistic world-view, in any case? There are times when Mr Steiner doesn't seem to be saying much more than that a tragedy shouldn't have a happy ending; any suggestion of compensation for the stark facts of suffering is fatal. Unless the spectator's pleasure in tragedy is regarded as pure sadism, however, any theory of tragedy must offer some compensation: truth which wouldn't otherwise have been revealed, or heroic stature which wouldn't have been attained. What Mr Steiner objects to are the more obvious forms of consolation – which leads him slap into the well-worn problem of reconciling tragedy and Christianity. Mr Steiner wants his drama to be religious ('tragedy is that form of art which requires the intolerable burden of God's presence'), but at the least hint of heaven the whole fabric dissolves. Hell is all right, though; the only kind of explicitly Christian tragedy possible ends in damnation, like *Dr Faustus*.

This assumes that tragedy must express the sum of a society's beliefs, for to a believer earth-bound calamities are necessarily local, short-term affairs. There are periods when the pressure of religion is irresistible, no doubt; in *Troilus and Criseyde* Chaucer felt obliged to show his hero in heaven, making nonsense of the tragedy which has gone before. But 200 years later Shakespeare found it perfectly possible to invoke flights of angels while suppressing whatever theological convictions he may have had about Hamlet's ultimate fate. This is why I can't follow Mr Steiner when he says that Marxism is essentially inimical to tragedy. Dragging in *The Optimistic Tragedy*, a play by Vishnievsky about the death in battle of a company of Soviet marines, is a very Red herring; the subject sounds as if it might well have been treated as a short-term tragedy, if the promise of a Communist millenium had not been brought to the foreground for propaganda purposes. And I can imagine a tragedy explicitly putting forward the full Marxist cosmology, about a party member who defies the official line and is consigned to the dustbin of History. If Dr Faustus, why not Trotsky?

The heretic is a special case, but there is no reason why the tragic hero should be the spokesman of his society, or embody the whole human condition. Like Coleridge, we all have a smack of Hamlet: which is a long way from saying that Hamlet is Everyman. For the hero, the rest is silence; but life goes on, and lesser men like you and me and Fortinbras have to pick up the pieces. The traditional tragic hero must be illustrious as well as fallible, remarkable without being a freak, and one reason for the decline of tragedy is that it isn't a particularly democratic genre. Kenneth Tynan said recently that *Death of a Salesman* isn't a tragedy because its catastrophe depends entirely on the failure of Willie Loman's employers to provide a pension-scheme. But surely Willie's pathos comes from the fact that if society doesn't crush him in one way it will in another. 'Attention, attention must finally be paid to such a person': the play's burden is dangerously close to a whine, for in tragedy you must take it for granted that the hero is worthy of attention before you start. Which is why *Death of a Salesman* is so much more painful to watch than *King Lear*.

Strength of character is what counts, not mere social status, and tragedy adapts itself to changing conditions; Mr Steiner himself praises *Woyzeck* as the first real tragedy of low life, which is a big concession. Even more to the point is Ibsen, who ought to receive far more space here than he does, since he is obviously the major stumbling-block for anyone arguing that tragic drama no longer exists. Ibsen above all has revealed the possibilities of drawing-room tragedy, with plausible up-to-date ghosts. But if his dramas are contemporary, they are also domestic. He doesn't deal directly with the great political events of his own time, which is what Mr Steiner complains that the modern would-be tragic dramatist is unable to do. For towards the end of the book Mr Steiner suddenly shifts his ground. Instead of blaming the failure of modern tragedy on increasing optimism and rationalism, he attributes it to the sheer scale of the public atrocities committed in our time, which numbs our feelings and dwarfs anything which art can accomplish.

A protracted academic discussion of tragedy can start to sound cold-blooded, and understandably Mr Steiner wants to get back to earth. But there is a muddle here. More weight is being put on tragedy than it can bear, for no one has ever suggested that it can cope with all the suffering in the world, unless any idea of the hero being in error is dropped and it is seen simply as a chronicle of misery. Still, a major function of tragedy is giving vent to what we feel about human suffering in general but are unable to express by ourselves. Art makes suffering on the stage bearable because it *is* art, bringing order and eloquence where in life there is chaos and dumb

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misery. But fiction is necessary as well as truth; most great tragedies deal with a legendary past. No one could be calmed or elevated by a play based, say, on the death of his best friend, and the same is true of terrible happennings which are close enough in time to touch us all. There are plenty of other books to be written about the murderous public events of the last 50 years, but not tragedy: the time for that, if ever, will be when they have passed from living memory.

If tragedy were dead, it need not follow that we are a callous and petty-minded generation. Aldous Huxley has a fine essay in which he suggests that, in a century lacking moral certitude tragedy is too distilled, too pure a form to be proof against irony, and that modern writers reject it because it is incapable of telling the whole truth. But he concludes that 'tragedy is too valuable to be allowed to die'; we will always need pure as well as impure art. I think that he is right and that Mr Steiner is wrong; but Mr Steiner's argument could have been pursued far more thoroughly and consistently than it is here. I began to wonder, in fact, how seriously Mr Steiner takes his gloomy notion himself. If you believe in something as drastic as the death of tragedy, it should be passionately or not at all. But at the end of the book, after suggesting that the last war has left a sense of desolation beyond the reach of tragedy, Mr Steiner turns in his tracks. He describes a documentary film showing workers on a Chinese commune commemorating the death of a local Communist leader, and he asks

> Is it not, I wonder, in some comparable rite of defiance and honour to the dead that tragedy began, three thousand years ago, on the plains of Argos?

So, with grave and magisterial finality, our author throws in the towel.

Strangled Past

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The history of Negro Africa has until recently been worse than a blank, which is merely an empty space that nobody as yet has bothered to fill. It has been strangled by the almost universal white view that there was nothing to fill anyway. The past of the 'dark continent' was mere fluctuating barbarism barely removed from the animal by the influence and conquests of 'superior civilisations'. For some years now Basil Davidson has conducted a single-handed educational campaign against this myth, which is still powerful in the West. *Old Africa Rediscovered* surveyed the history of the older African civilisations in the light of old and modern archaeological work; *Black Mother* takes the story from the arrival of the Portuguese to the threshold of the imperialist partition of Africa in the later 19th century. It is the history of the relations between Africa and Europe in the era of the slave-trade.

This appalling traffic, as Davidson makes clear, must not be confused with the trade, shocking as this is, in domestic and luxury slaves, which has existed throughout history and continues to supply those needs of the Saudi Arabian rich which are not sufficiently catered for by Cadillacs. It was – at all events from the moment that sugar was planted in the Americas over the rapidly dying bodies of the *indios* – a trade in plantation labour, geared to the dynamically expanding economy of Western Europe. The scale and speed of this expansion gave it that capacity to bru-

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One Woman's Indictment of Her Race

GUDRUN TEMPEL is a German. She is 35 and grew up during the Nazis' rise to power and their bloody defeat. Her parents were of the professional, middle class and — like many in their social bracket — they supported Hitler during his early days. Nazism then, says Miss Tempel, "was a surge of lunacy that gripped everyone. . . . My parents would never have invited Hitler or his cronies to lunch because he would have bored them with his semi-education and lack of wit. . . ." Today many Germans of Miss Tempel's generation hold positions of authority in Germany — and here's what she says of them: ". . . The forceful and intellectually superior people in Germany shun politics because they feel there is something missing that they can find in Krupps or Siemens or Mercedes. . . ." This assessment—and much of it is an *indictment*—of the Germans *by* a German is written with devastating insight and almost cruel candour. And it appears exclusively in THE SUNDAY TIMES this Sunday.

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THAT CHURCHILL PORTRAIT

A Defence of GRAHAM SUTHERLAND

Who is the most distinguished living English artist? Many competent judges — the art critic DOUGLAS COOPER among them — would give their vote to GRAHAM SUTHERLAND. Twelve years ago Sutherland turned to portraits, and his painting of SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL in 1954 caused an uproar in both artistic and lay circles. In THE SUNDAY TIMES this Sunday Douglas Cooper examines the art of Graham Sutherland, defends the Churchill portrait and deplores its present "concealment".

THE SUNDAY TIMES

in every way a worth-while newspaper

talise all who touched it and – more important – to reduce the flourishing medieval civilisations of Western Africa to the state which mid-19th-century observers thought to have prevailed throughout African history.

African societies were in fact very far from helpless savagery. They were, for instance, technologically much in advance of the Stone Age cultures of America, which nevertheless produced the Maya and Inca civilisations. They were strong enough, as Davidson points out acutely, to fight off conquest by the whites until the middle of the 19th century, which is more than America or India did: 'the main colonial period on the Guinea Coast has lasted a little longer than half a century, and not much more elsewhere.' Until then the white men were traders, confined to a few coastal depots What wrecked the African societies was not the guns in the white men's hands, but the corroding influence of a trade which required only one commodity from Africa, and in ever more astronomic quantities: human flesh This is what turned each people into the enslaver of its neighbours A supplementary cause (especially on the East coast, where the slave trade remained of minor importance) was the European conquest of the Indian Ocean, which ruined 'all that vast network of maritime trade which had formerly linked these cities and settlements with the civilisations of the East.'

Such, in brief, is Davidson's argument, which takes the form of a general discussion of the slave trade, followed by detailed case-histories of the misfortunes suffered by the Congo area, the Guinea Coast and the East African coast. It is well and vividly written. It is also a serious contribution to the subject, and not merely a rewriting of either contemporary eye-witnesses or scholarly monographs and research reports. Davidson's historical Africa is not, say, Alan Moorehead's. *Black Mother* is a historical synthesis in its own right, once again the first of its kind. Possibly a more cautious writer might have waited for the filling of various gaps in our knowledge, over which Davidson leaps with some elegance. But it is an academic myth that in history synthesis ought to follow all the research-work. It ought to precede much of it. *Black Mother* should become a programme for future enquiry.

But it will, in the first place, become something else and something more important. To write the history of new nations is a political act; for the denial of a people's history is the denial of its existence: the lesser East European nations of last century were dismissed as 'unhistorical' just like the Africans of this. It may well turn out to be a major contribution to the future of Africa that the first general interpretations of its past have been written not merely by a firm supporter of African freedom, a convinced admirer of its immensely talented peoples and a good Socialist, but by someone sufficiently balanced to avoid the excesses of romantic mythology and sufficiently courageous to tackle even problems about which many Africans (like most Europeans) would prefer not to think too clearly. For though the guilt of the slave-trade is primarily that of the system which created it, perhaps today it is most lively in the hearts of Negroes who know that their ancestors were not only its victims but at times its accomplices.

E. J. HOBSBAWM

The Secret Garden, by FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT, *reviewed last week, has been re-issued by Heinemann, not Dent as stated.*

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

The Cult

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REYNER BANHAM

The appearance of 'Clutton and Stanford' in paperback* ought to mean that the Vintage Car Cult has now spread beyond the original clique to a larger public, but in practice this does not seem to be the case. The larger public, to their credit, still regard old cars as either funny or dangerous, and still speak (in spite of years of counter-propaganda) of 'the old crocks' race to Brighton'. More to the point, however, is that *The Vintage Motor Car* is not Cult-literature (for that you must read 'Vintage Postbag' in *Motor Sport* every month). Clutton and Stanford are too level-headed, literate and well-informed for that: they are enthusiasts, obviously – why else write the book? – but far from gaga. They are prepared to admit that some of the heaps covered by their survey were lemons even when new; they give Ford's Model-T space commensurate with its historical importance (though this is not a vehicle that Cultists cultivate) and they quote Lawrence Pomeroy's immortal send-up of the Snob's Delight – 'Rolls-Royce, the triumph of workmanship over design.'

Indeed, they wrote a good book, one that deserves to become the standard work (though it needs some omissions rectified), a much better book than the Cult deserves. But it would never have been written without the Cult's existence and was first published for the Vintage Sports Car Club's official 20th birthday in 1954. The membership of the Cult, including its various lunatic fringes, is somewhat larger than the enrolment of the Club, but enrolled or not, the Cult is uniformly powered by mechanical sentimentality – a sort of automotive Betjemanism – and justifies itself by aesthetics.

Or, perhaps, one should say 'Kinaesthetics', for one of the big sticks wielded by Cultists in argument is that the actual experience of driving a Vintage Car is better than driving one with a more advanced specification. That the experience is *different* can be confirmed even by watching the Telly. Where comparable events are relayed from the same meeting, the drivers of Vintage (pre-1930) Cars will be seen to be much busier all round the circuit, even though they are travelling slower than those in current sports cars. The actual improvement in cars since the end of the Vintage decade is best brought out by comparing non-comparable cars, however – at Silverstone, for instance, an Austin A40 (a hot one, admittedly) is about as fast as a Vintage Bentley with more than three times as much engine, with visibly less sweat and driver fatigue. On a purely Victorian equation of virtue and hard work, driving a Vintage Car is a more virtuous occupation than driving a modern one – what is astonishing is that there are still enough neo-Carlyleans about to talk up the resultant warm glow into an organised movement.

But, besides this, and pure nostalgia (a morbid condition in technology), there is also plain visual aesthetic preference; even moderate Cultists are convinced that pre-1930 cars are more beautiful than more recent ones. I am not, for once, going to dispute this, because the mere question of style is completely overshadowed by a matter of principle: how far can classical aesthetics be brought into the evaluation of technological products. One can properly say 'classical aesthetics' in this case, because the taste that is embodied in the Cult is an educated, Establishment taste, not unlike that which is inculcated in the training of architects (who are conspicuous in the Cult, if not in the Club). This taste is in no way connected with that adaptable, self-modernising principle of scrutiny that working engineers sum up in the phrase 'If it looks right, it *is* right.' The Cultists' principles of judgment are non-adaptable, and include strong overtones of snob connoisseurship – why else 'Vintage' – and the rest of the *apparatus criticus* of the Fine Arts.

Now, it is of the essence of this kind of criticism that it deals with eternal values, and one of its chief functions is to identify objects exhibiting those values. Having identified those objects, it tends to isolate them from their functional context – a *fondo d'oro* altarpiece did not become an object of Fine Art criticism until Berenson had raped it from its place as a centre of parish piety; an Impressionist painting does not enter the field until it has utterly ceased to matter what La Grenouillère looked like on a particular morning in 1870. But the products of technology are fundamentally involved with the accidents of use and function, are not concerned with long-term considerations, let alone eternal values. It is one of the moral justifications of the technological adventure that it offers ever better mechanical services to the user, and concepts of scrapping and replacement (at ever shorter intervals as technology becomes more sophisticated) are basic to the operation. 'On jette; on remplace'.

The ensuing collision between the essential transience of industrial products and the supposed permanence of received aesthetic concepts has now given us a century of muddle and frustration in the aesthetics of Industrial Design, from which the only escape was to seize (wrongly, in most cases) on functional objects such as the oar and the spade, which had not changed much for some time, and hold them up as exemplars (heroically irrelevant, in most cases) to other fields of design. Insofar as this manoeuvre was ever justifiable, it can just about be done with Vintage Cars, since – as Clutton and Stanford rightly point out – they were in decline before the end of their decade and 'the sharp edge of creative enthusiasm had departed from design.' Indeed, automotive design came as near to standing still during this period as it has ever done, and nearly everything that ranks as a Vintage Car today tamely followed the Maybach-Jellinek configuration (cart springs, rigid axles, front engine, rear drive) that was 20 years old when the decade began.

Furthermore, design got about as near to Fine Art in that period as it has ever done – it was a pause between the mad-scientist-type pioneers and the sober methodologists of research and marketing who finally put the working class on wheels, and in that pause refined aesthetes like Ettore Bugatti (a former art student and nephew of a sculptor) came to dominate the scene briefly. 'Aesthetics come in when precise knowledge is missing,' as Amedée Ozenfant put it. All this adds up to a moderate case for regarding Vintage Cars as works of art, and would justify their conservation and exhibition in museums and galleries – though I think that an organisation like the Montagu Museum performs a far more important function, culturally speaking, in conserving these objects as monuments in the history of technology, thus paving the way for a more adult view of their own culture on the part of technologists.

But Vintage Cultists do not conserve: they race their vehicles, or they drive them to work every day, they undertake long Continental runs, some even leave their supposed treasures outside in the open air every night. If anyone proposed to treat any other class of supposed works of art in this way, there would be justifiable cries of outrage. Even a mechanically sound painting (a good Titian, for instance), kept in an air-conditioned room and subject to no worse wear and tear than being looked at, needs some upkeep and becomes, through time and entropy, a different painting as the years pass. But its rate of ageing is so immeasurably slower than the rates of cultural change that the differences are insignificant. A Vintage Car, moderately used and subject to weathering, ages so fast that its use becomes sheer cultural irresponsibilty. Cultists will snarl back that their cars are most carefully maintained and all worn parts are assiduously replaced. But that precisely proves my point, since over the years it becomes increasingly difficult to get 'genuine factory spares' and, in any case, most users tend to upgrade the technical specification of replacement parts even while preserving their original form – it would be interesting to know how many Vintage Cars still have king-pins and bushes of exactly the same alloy as

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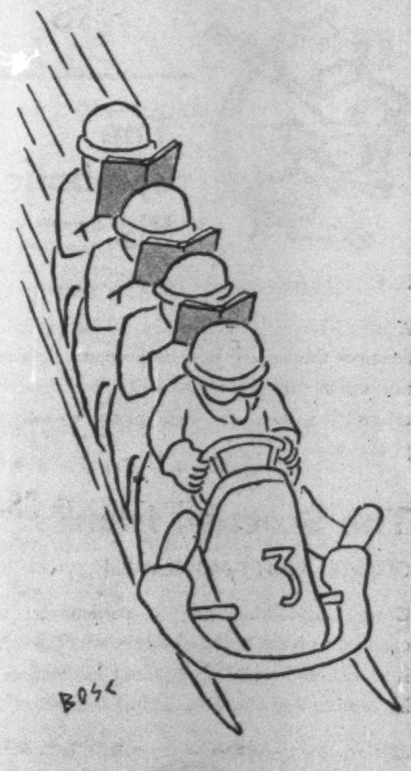
The Vintage Motor Car. By CECIL CLUTTON and JOHN STANFORD. *Batsford Paperback.* 5s.



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those that were installed when they left the factory, brake linings of the same inefficient materials, spark plugs of the same unreliable specification. How many still have the same bore, stroke and type of piston, still run on the same lousy grades of fuel, still have non-safety glass in the windscreens, non-comfortable springing in the upholstery?

Cultists, in short, are heavy users of the technological progress they profess to abhor, and the 'superb handling' that gives them so much kinaesthetic pleasure was probably much less in evidence when their vehicles had their original shock-absorbers, brakes and tyres, running on their original badly surfaced roads. To be frank, were it not that most Cultists of my acquaintance are thoroughly amiable nuts, I might be forced to conclude that their Cult is a living lie and its Cult-objects plain fakes.

Yobbos

CLANCY SIGAL

The striker has become the teddy boy of a consumer society, never more so than on TV. Total one-sidedness, such as ITV's presentation of Lord Rootes sitting at the newscaster's right hand during the bulletin on the Acton-Coventry stoppage, or *Tonight's* bland interviewing of AEU president Bill Carron about a strike he had already condemned, I can stomach if only because it doesn't happen that often. What I find objectionable is the lugubrious 'voice of the consumer' tone that TV habitually adopts when reporting, or discussing, industrial antagonism. All the old, fusty class resentments and coal-in-the-bath-tub emotions that allegedly are things of the past seem on TV to lie just beneath the surface, waiting for the first convenient moment to pop up, usually during a strike, especially 'unofficial'. Recent examples have included the news handling, on both channels, of the strikes at Rootes-Acton and Margam-Port Talbot, the 'tea-break' site demonstrations and *Tonight's* 'investigation' of the mini-cab war. The very manner in which industrial incidents are reported, apparent impartiality coupled with the unconscious smugness of the consumer, inevitably communicates an anti-worker bias. In this atmosphere how many of us can truly be said to be free of the instinctive reaction, Oh no, not *again*, what's wrong with those picket-line yobbos? Aren't they *ever* satisfied?

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The extent of TV liberalism seems to be, on rare occasions, to interview briefly the real strike leaders (rather than the union president or regional director), who are given only a minute or two in which to explain issues that have been building up for years. This is bad journalism and bad ethics. I emphasise that this may have nothing to do with the subjective feelings of the TV people: it is the consequence of presenting news *in this way*, under the pressures of time and the conventions of superficial 'balance'.

Strikes, industrial disputes in whatever form they take, are natural to the current state of British industry. If present trends continue, more can be expected, especially 'unofficial' 'wild-cat' 'irresponsible' work stoppages (that is, normal and long-predicted upsurges of disgust which could wait no longer on the approval of an antiquated union bureaucracy). Such strikes are not wayward bolts from the blue but are direct expressions of accumulated tensions, not always of a purely industrial origin. They are customarily, and not exceptionally, delicate and complex businesses with long, often tortuous histories. The economic issues alone usually require considerable patience and experience to understand.

Some of this can be communicated. But first there must be the will to do so. In this instance, will involves a positive awareness by those who administer and present TV that their upbringing, and stations in life, and the growing national emphasis on consumer as opposed to producer, must prevent them from knowing what it is all about. The best, and fairest, way to counteract this sometimes accidental, sometimes wilful ignorance is not by excessive 'balance', which teaches nothing and obscures everything, but by going in as deeply as possible and *finding out*.

For the short term, I can see very little remedy except vague prescriptions for better and more detailed industrial reporting, with an endeavour to give, in commentary and on footage, as much weight to the views of the men on the factory floor as is usually given company and union declarations. I would recommend protests by strikers who felt unfairly dealt with, except that I think the habit of mistrust in the face of the mass media is too ingrained.

Implicit, for the long term, is the systematic training of industrial reporters, not all of them middle-class in origin and bias. Then, as a specific first step, why couldn't the BBC commission one or more of their talented documentary-makers to produce an hour-long study to be entitled 'Unofficial Strike', or some such? This would be long and difficult and it would have to be regarded, by the administrators, as an absolutely priority and top-class job. In fact, why shouldn't the BBC, as a matter of long-range policy, assume the functions of the old Crown Film Unit? There are plenty of trained, and plenty of inexperienced but eager, film-makers around who, I think, would be enthusiastic for such a programme of planned documentaries.

Although it is perfectly obvious that the industrial front is starting to bubble and boil, the BBC informs me it does not plan a single industrial documentary as such (although programmes such as *Panorama* may occasionally go visiting). Must it always be a foundation stone of BBC policy to keep us reasonably informed on outer space, and magnificently informed on foreign zoo lay-outs, and abysmally uninformed about social and industrial Britain?

Oresteia Unbound

ROGER GELLERT

Immortality is a big word; and though the Greek tragedies that survived the pre-Caxton era will probably survive till the end of civilisation, it is no use pretending that (however much we absorb about their religious and cultural background) they can now strike us with anything like their pristine force. Had the ancient Greeks been prophetically able to study the culture and sociology of the coming 2,000 years, they would still have been unlikely to draw much nourishment from a carefully preconstructed performance of Pinter's *Caretaker*. Literary immortality, then, is of a qualified kind, and unless we prefer some tame dilution, transposed into our own kind of drama, it may be best to regard the Greek tragedies as rituals from another world, strange archetypal enactments of *peripeteia* or revenge. Some, like the *Philoctetes* of Sophocles, seem to be reaching out towards our concept of drama; but Aeschylus was no Freudian, and what comes through most clearly now is the fear and passion behind the formality, to which we can respond as spontaneously as we would to an electric charge. The voltage is what matters.

It fluctuated, certainly, during Minos Volanakis' slightly cut version of the *Oresteia* which opened at the Old Vic last week. The trilogy consists of *Agamemnon* (in which Clytemnestra murders her husband), *The Libation-Bearers* (in which she and her lover Aegisthos are murdered by her avenging son Orestes) and *The Eumenides* (in which Orestes is delivered from the Furies by trial in the court of Athene) There are immediate dramatic drawbacks in taking all three together – though this is how they were originally done, plus a satyr play, now lost. They are taxing, and they come in diminishing order of impact; the second is too much like a mirror image of the first, with the villains called to account instead of the hero, and the third is hardly more than a pretext for a debate justifying the ways of gods to man.

There is, too, a prodigious amount of chorus work, always a stumbling-block to modern appreciation: these huddles of dotards, bleating circuitous platitudes, are all too apt to recall Housman's parody, where agonised howls from the palace are met with:

> I would not be reputed rash, but yet
> I doubt if all be gay within the house.

Mr Volanakis, however, has done much to disembarrass the chorus by restoring the classic elements of song-and-dance; he directed with verve, so that they dipped and swooped, massed and scattered impetuously, and broke into chanting not in set passages but startlingly, on separate words or phrases, keeping an urgency which the translated text alone might have lacked, for Aeschylus' poetry seems peculiarly untranslatable, and the versions here were not inspired. The female chorus in *The Libation-Bearers* came off especially well; taking fire from the example of raw-boned Margo Cunningham, they got quite daemonic as the play progressed.

What let the production down, unhappily, were the leading performances in these great roles. Catherine Lacey (Clytemnestra), whom I used to admire as an actress of considerable nervous power, has been growing steadily more mechanical in the last year or two, and this was one of her hollowest exhibitions: wearing a fixed smirk of hatred, she bellowed listlessly and as if by remote control, like some buskined Archie Andrews. Ronald Lewis (Orestes) conveyed honest doubt, and Yvonne Mitchell (Electra) was her familiar sombre embodiment of integrity with a head cold – two sympathetic actors short of tragic stature. The secondary performances, though, of Joss Ackland (Aegisthos), Margery Withers (Nurse) and Ruth Meyers (Cassandra) were much sharper. Miss Meyers, crouched like a terrified doll in Agamemnon's triumphal car, beating out an ominous little morse code as the fascinated chorus buzzed round her, will probably stick in the mind as long as anything in this exciting attempt to animate a dead masterpiece.

The week's other new plays were both concerned with winds of change, and both dismal. R. C. Sherriff's *The Long Sunset* (Mermaid) shows the Romans pulling out of Britain in 410 AD as their empire finally crumbles, and a Roman family facing the end with truly British phlegm, after the Saxon tide has been momentarily stemmed with the aid of the hired *samurai* Arthur and Gawaine – a piquant touch which was spoilt by the atrocious acting of these two. There was plenty more bad acting, and worse direction, in *A Wreath for Udomo* (Lyric, Hammersmith), a pan-African political melodrama of staggering crudity that can almost be said to have deserved the ill-luck that dogged it.

Significant Sims

FRANCIS NEWTON

The strange fact that the American jazz public at present discriminates against most white musicians may have something to do with the fact that one of the better-known, the saxophonist Zoot Sims, is at present playing a welcome season in Ronnie Scott's, Gerrard Street. Welcome for three reasons.

The first is, that Sims, while no genius, is a solid, experienced, technically mature professional of the kind which the USA alone breeds in jazz as in boxing, because – fashionable freakshows and racketeering apart – this is still in a competitive craft the only way to get to the top. British musicians have benefited and suffered from the perpetual European excess of demand over supply in jazz. The number of adequate British (or other European) players is so small that virtually everyone who plays at all regularly is likely to appear in some popularity poll. And where the excess of demand over supply is particularly great, not even competence is needed for success, as in 'traditional' jazz or 'folk-singing'. British players can therefore learn a great deal from musicians like Sims, just as British folk-singers can learn from the no less welcome presence of another man who knows his trade, the courageous Pete Seeger (under sentence from the un-American Committee, and seeking not merely our applause but our help).

The second reason is that Sims is not in the fashion. No doubt he attracts the uncritical by his association with what used to be the jazz *avant-garde*. But to the unprejudiced listener he plays straight, swinging jazz of the kind which fits in as well with the late 1930s as with the present. Now this kind of jazz is the forgotten music of 1961, though in fact several of our most accomplished musicians play it. But where are they? Out of sight doing sessions, like Kenny Baker the trumpeter. Playing in clubs whose basic attractions have nothing to do with jazz, and whose patrons rarely include the jazz enthusiast, like that underestimated pianist Lennie Felix at the Georgian Club. That Sims fits in so well with the determined *avant-garde* of Ronnie Scott's should be a lesson, say, to the musical director of The Establishment, which has, so far, a less original approach to its jazz than to its satire.

The third reason is that Sims plays in a club and not in concerts. For the club, though not the only foundation of flourishing jazz, remains as indispensable to it as chamber music in bourgeois homes used to be to classical music, when that occupation flourished. Especially those Athenaeums of the profession, the 'musicians' clubs', where players go to talk, relax and listen as well as to blow. There are always a few centres of this kind, easily recognisable by the clientèle of men with instrument-cases and the hipsters and night-people who cluster round them. The long dark cellar of Ronnie Scott's, illuminated

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by the glowing photographs of devoted musical faces on the walls, has long been a 'scene' of this kind. (The Compton Street Downbeat and the all-nighter in the Wardour Street Flamingo belong to the same complex, together with assorted late restaurants and gambling clubs.) Those are the places where good American musicians should play with good British ones. Let us hope that Sims' club date, the first of its kind, is not the last.

There is no reason why it should be. For there are plenty of good players who can at present get no adequate club bookings in the USA, either because they are unfashionable or because of the odd reverse colour-bar which at present operates there. Thus artists normally beyond the modest finances of British clubs come within our reach.

Three Shows

EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH

SOUSA (Gallery One). The *Notes* with which Sousa prefaces his catalogue have a rather hectoring ring: 'I often try to paint a bad picture, a really bloody awful one. But I hardly succeed.' One is immediately tempted to retort that he does paint bad pictures – and quite often. This, however, doesn't alter the fact that he is both an interesting artist and an interesting *sort* of artist. His pictures are figurative, often violent in colour, sometimes highly erotic in content. Their chief fault is a kind of arbitrariness. It's as if the artist was so obsessed by the importance of his message that he didn't have the patience to invent a fitting language for it, or didn't see the need for such a language. Many details hover uneasily in the no-man's-land between straightforward representation and symbol. For example, Sousa's drawing of hands is nearly always worrying. They are shapeless outlines – not seen, and not stylised. These faults are very characteristic of a certain kind of naive visionary painter, to whom we usually apply the adjective 'primitive'. Douanier Rousseau is the most conspicuous example – and he, too, expressed a slightly megalomaniac confidence in his own powers.

I think, in the past 40 years, we've had a tendency to overrate this kind of painter. Nevertheless, despite its limitations, Sousa's work possesses real and refreshing virtues, chief among which is its poetic power and its direct access to fairly deep levels of consciousness. Sousa is by birth a Goanese, and his work draws not only on Indian popular imagery, but on things which strike a bit deeper than this. The eroticism of a picture like *Black Nude* is a peculiarly Indian eroticism – the figure, with its crude, menacing sexuality, reminds us of representations of Kali, the goddess of love and death.

LOWRY (Lefevre) is often called a primitive painter – wrongly, I think. While it's true that his style is limited and eccentric, he always seems very much in control of it, master of his particular range of effects. Many of the pictures in this exhibition are very charming indeed – as charming as an Avercamp, and often very like an Avercamp, with little, stiffly drawn, brightly coloured figures scattered on a white ground. But I do find Lowry's work almost desperately repetitive and unambitious. There's just one small canvas here which is entirely uncharacteristic – a sea-piece, with a great flotilla of yachts on a calm, misty sea. It's a bit like Whistler, or even like a certain kind of Turner sketch, and it's painted with all the ravishing lightness and delicacy which the comparison implies. It has an imaginative and visual truth which I don't always find in Lowry's industrial scenes.

KOSSOFF too (Beaux Arts) sometimes paints subjects which could be described as industrial. He's of a very different generation to Lowry, and a very different temperament. His *Building Site, Victoria,* and his *Railway, Bethnal Green* are aggressive rather than cosy. Like his other work, they are all-out, desperate assaults on a given subject. In fact, the mere idea of 'subject' – of material, objective existence with which the artist must grapple – is very much present in this exhibition. For example, one purpose of the thick, piled-up paint seems to be quite simply to emphasise the sheer material weight and existence of the thing depicted. But it also has another function. By its unpleasant, used-chewing-gum texture it pushes us away, keeps us at arm's length, makes us consider the picture as a whole. The landscapes gain tremendous impact and weight as one steps back from them, but the figure pieces often seem noisily rhetorical.

Film of Films

JOHN COLEMAN

This is a terrible occasion, easy to make light of it. It isn't quite that nothing is sacred to the top Hollywood brass; more – on the showing of *King of Kings* (Coliseum) – that too much is, in the worst possible way. This is a film of Christ's life, death and resurrection, reverentially, ignominiously laundered into a swatch of images no bigger than a man's handkerchief. Nicholas Ray, recognised as an idiosyncratic talent by *avant-garde* critics, directed; museums were scanned and special cloths woven, intricate ornaments forged, to furnish out the theme; Pope John XXIII is said to have received the producer in private audience. All, of unimportance, that could have been done was done. The result is three hours of cinematic malarkey and a barely conceivable source of spiritual refreshment to those who find it reasonable that Christ should have looked like a handsome, wooden college boy (Jeffrey Hunter) long overdue at the barber's.

The composite line of the Gospels is hewn to closely enough. An urgent commentary links the episodes, many of them composed with visual elegance. The best things, however, are only vestigially drawn from the evangelic texts. Barabbas mounts a doomed onslaught on the Roman citadel in Jerusalem: this sequence, one of the few flushed with excitement, probably has no greater warrant than an aside in Luke. The centurion becomes Lucius, nearly there at the birth, in at the death, well done in the film's broad, hesitant terms by Ron Randell: a simplifying presence. How sub-Shavian, though, are even his exchanges with Pilate, is the dialectic moment when Jesus stands dumb before them, for first judgment. All is bent towards meaningless awe: if *these* Romans lean into doubt, how can the viewer deny the dead, pale-blue eyes of Jeffrey Hunter? Salome, of course, is

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REMEMBER—WARSAW IS CALLING YOU TONIGHT—AND EVERY NIGHT

brought in with the full enticing force of Wilde and Strauss, though a bit muffed in Brigid Bazlen's person – a rouged, delinquent bunny hot after J. the B.'s head and getting it, off-camera. What is too warmly sexy in her is only an index of the split-attractions of *King of Kings'* larger enticements. Mary Magdalene (the woman taken in adultery tidily telescoped with the tomb-whore) is almost too pretty as Carmen Sevilla does her; and the battles, the heaps of corpses, the soldiers and peasants redly rounding hillsides, all are too pretty in memory for what they were doing: this is colourful track and dolly and sweaty close-up gone wild in the cause of persuasion, against the truth. All those specially woven costumes, full of rhubarbing extras, show as too neat, drilled by megaphones into their necessary surges, too damn picturesque to be of much dramatic account; and, in fact, only Hurd Hatfield as Pilate and Frank Thring, Pilate in *Ben Hur* but Herod here, come into prowling life.

Il Cristo Proibito (Paris-Pullman) takes a related theme more simply and humanly. An Italian POW returns to his village after the war, bent on finding and killing the man who betrayed his younger brother to the enemy. A Christ-like carpenter (played by that unsympathetic actor, Alain Cuny, who figured in the dampest anecdote of *La Dolce Vita*) invites and accepts his own slaughter as the big, religious, exemplary way of preventing the further killing. This, too, turns out to be a pretentious piece, the sole film of that diseased and tormented genius, Curzio Malaparte – whose collection of macabre stories of Italy under the occupation, *The Skin*, may be remembered by English readers. Raf Vallone moves with a footballer's grace and a couple of expressions – resolve; doubt – through some eerie, semi-documentary moments of festival and love, and there are odd camera gestures towards poetic connections: a calf's head is dwelt on and pointlessly picked up in a later religious procession. What small sympathy is engendered by a few flaking interiors and above-average bit-playing is forfeited in the final series of howling 'Why's?' hurled at the dead saint's home by a prostrate Mr Vallone.

Kapo (Continentale) brings the week to a cheerless, near-distinguished close. It tells of a 14-year-old Jewish girl, passively registered by Susan Strasburg, who is picked up by the Gestapo in Paris, deported and eventually reduced to prostitution and collaboration to save her life. The early sequence of shuffling, aged nudes and weeping children are authentically horrifying: one shudders with a useless anger. One would be torn, and happy, to leave then, but the film, alas, has to tell a story and the dreadfully well observed detail of labour camps and degradation founders under the heroic demands of plot: Miss Strasburg turns up trumps in a down-beat ending. It is a case, as was the life of Jesus, of fact too large for the organising hand, in this case, Gillo Pontecorvo's.

Donskoi's splendid Gorki trilogy will be showing at the Everyman over the next three weeks, beginning on Monday the 20th with *The Childhood of Maxim Gorki*. That over-publicised satire club, The Establishment, is running some under-publicised film programmes of great virtue: two or three shorts every week-day lunch-time and a double-feature twice on Sundays – next Sunday, Eisenstein's *Time in the Sun* and Tati's *Jour de Fête*. Finally, please go and see *The Connection* at the Academy right away. I hope to devote some space next week to saying why.

English Retreats

DAVID DREW

Several times since 1920, English music has experienced what propagandists like to call a renaissance. Yet each time the facts have shown it to be more like a little boom, a boom that all too easily ends with a whimper. England's creative prosperity in music either depends on favourable exchange rates – such as obtained after the two world wars – or else on a panic-laden barrier of protective tariffs. In 1961, our special concern is the group of talented young English composers who 'broke out' during the early 1950s, and tried to absorb what was happening in Paris and Darmstadt – Goehr, Bennett, Davies, Cardew and others. It is time we began to consider whether this, the latest of our New Dawns, has been followed by real daylight. The first performance last week of Maxwell Davies's new String Quartet is a pointer.

In the middle of the 1950s Davies composed a remarkably promising set of piano pieces. After that, he went to Darmstadt, and his music went with him. Whether or not the works which he wrote during the next four years will suffer the fate of 'scandalous' English works of the early 1920s (like Walton's mysterious 1922 Quartet), it is quite obvious that something was lost, or obscured, after the composition of the piano pieces, and that it has been recovered and enriched in the String Quartet. Although there is one major intermediate work, the *Prolation* for orchestra that I have not yet heard or seen, the Quartet is demonstrably stronger than any of the others. The recovery of harmonic and textural clarity and the preoccupation with an original kind of euphony owe much to Davies's recent experience as a choral trainer.

The courage to be simple, which Davies has certainly found in this work, is not synonymous with the gift to be simple, which implies a certain spontaneity that he still lacks; but courage is the first requirement.

> 'Tis the gift to be simple, 'tis the gift to be free,
> 'Tis the gift to come down where you ought to be,

runs the old Shaker Song. The Quartet certainly approaches the kind of musical region where Davies's talent ought to be, and ought to flourish. He has a real feeling for the long line, and now he has found a way of bringing the decorative elements under control. The chief problem remains one of character contrast. The kind of texture he has chosen makes it very difficult to exploit the individual instrumental characters, despite the improvisatory passages – in that sense, it is not a 'quartet' at all. The textures partly determine the predominantly slow tempi. In the scherzo section, Davies achieves a successful small-scale contrast. But the larger contrasts required by a truly dramatic design have still to be tackled. The real allegro cannot be banished for ever. Viewed in the artificial light of contemporary musical campaigning, the Quartet marks a retreat from 'advanced' positions. We must therefore ask whether it merely represents another of those English retreats which we fondly describe as 'a withdrawal to a prepared position'. I think not. The great difference between the revolutionary musical situations today and in the 1920s is that today's extremism almost inevitably commits even sincere talent to some kind of unwitting fraudulence. And from that, every retreat is honourable.

N.B.

Next week on ITV

Monday November 20 at 7.00 p.m,* 'All Our Yesterdays'. Twenty-five years ago in the Spanish Civil War the Government forces were holding on desperately in Madrid against the Franco rebels. At home King Edward VIII was visiting the Fleet. Monday November 20 at 10.30 p.m,† 'Drawn from Life'. JOHN BERGER talks with two people, one a young sales manager who speaks of religious conversion, and the other a young girl packer in a cereal factory in whose life a great interest is cooking. Berger picks out for each of them paintings which he suggests have relevance. Tuesday November 21 at 8.00 p.m, 'Personal Appearance': JEROME ROBBINS' BALLETS USA in 'Interplay', 'Afternoon of a Faun' and 'New York Export Opus Jazz'. Wednesday November 22 at 7.00 p.m,‡ second of the new Granada series, 'THE CHALLENGERS-TELL THE WORLD': Lord Gladwyn, formerly British Representative at the United Nations and Ambassador in Paris, is cross-examined on world diplomacy. His challengers are a panel of students from India, Nyasaland, Poland and America. Friday November 24 at 8.55 p.m, BOOTSIE AND SNUDGE: a benighted car-drive into the country with the Rt. Hon. Sec. and Old Johnson.

GRANADA TV

**All stations except ATV, Anglia, GPN.*
†All stations except TWW, UTV, STV.
‡All stations except ATV, Anglia, TWW, Border.

Weekend Competition

No. 1,656 **Set by J. S. Fidgen**

T. S. Eliot's introduction to the poetry of Kipling is well-known. Competitors are invited to supply an extract from Kipling's introduction to the poetry of Eliot. Or Tennyson's introduction to the poetry of Auden. Limit 150 words. Entries by 28 November.

Result of No. 1,653 **Set by D. R. Peddy**

Most of us remember our 1940 shelter conversations and Nathaniel Gubbins's versions of those concurrently taking place in Germany. Now that American air-raid shelters are in the news, the usual prizes are offered for an American shelter conversation.

Report

Shelter-gadgetry, keeping up with the Joneses, self-deception, unneighbourliness . . . entries were not notably fair to our burrowing allies, but some amusing moments were wrung from a sick subject.

Two guineas each to the entries printed.

You have no right to be here.
  OK.
This is my private shelter.
  Ain't it the truth.
It cost me 25,000 dollars to build it.
  Buddy, my heart is bleeding.
It's only designed for four people.
  Too bad.
Your family will cut the water and food supply by 50 per cent.
  Ain't it a shame.
My bishop says I have the moral right to shoot you.
  Why don't you try it, bud?
He didn't tell me you would have a sub-machine gun.

NESTI

'That's one o' theirs.'

'One of ours. You can tell by the whee-scrunch just before the bang.'

'Theirs allers has that uppity-uppity sorta effect at the beginning.'

'Our fall-outs sure are bigger than theirs. Stronger. That's what Kennedy done for us.'

'Sure has done for us. Their fall-outs last longer.'

'Hope it ain't too long. We've only gotten steak for two year more.'

'There that uppity-uppity again. One of theirs.'

'But it had a whee-scrunch at the end. Must be one of ours.'

'Yea. Like a train. Still say it musta bin theirs.'

'Ours.'

'Theirs.'

'Ours. Thanks to Kennedy.'

'If we'd listen to Eisenhower. . . . Musta bin theirs.'

'It don't make no never mind. We can't go out, either way.'

E. O. PARROTT

'If anyone else wishes to assert that I am crazy,' says Harry the Horse, 'then I will bust him likewise in the snoot. Kindly remember,' he says, 'that it is the Brooklyn Stakes at 2.30 and furthermore, with everybody down here, an unprecedented opportunity to nobble the favourite, in whose financial success,' he explains, 'I am adversely interested.'

'But,' says Little Isadore, 'there can be no racing until after the arrival of the rocket, after which,' he says gloomily, 'there will be no horses.'

'We should be bringing some down with us,' grumbles Spanish John, 'for with Regret here it is ten G's to a burnt potato they help pass the time profitably. However,' he continues, examining the point of his shiv and pinching his adam's apple thoughtfully, 'we bring Bookie Bob down with us, who brings our money with *him*, so maybe we pass the time profitably anyway.'

R. A. MCKENZIE

Science Notebook

NIGEL CALDER

Even though it is no surprise that the government has decided not to go ahead with building a nuclear merchant ship, it is still a pity. Nobody pretends that it could be anything like an economic proposition, but it might have been a very useful exercise. It could have provided Britain with a much-needed opportunity to gain operating experience with at least one reactor type of moderate power output, different from the big graphite gas-cooled Calder-type reactors on which we have staked so much. The nuclear ship could also have stretched the engineering skill of at least one British shipyard and provided practical experience in operating reactors in surface ships which is going to be necessary, sooner or later, if ever we are going to build nuclear ships commercially.

If ever – that is the important thing. Even for the favourable case of a fast supertanker with a quick turn-around, the economics look unpromising at present, because of the high capital cost of the available reactors. But, although people have tinkered with an enormous number of types of reactors, only a few of them have been pressed to any very high state of development. It is not unreasonable to hope that someone will find a way of making a reactor which will be compact, reasonably cheap to build and run and – a point too easily forgotten – seaworthy.

The dangers of radioactivity from nuclear ships are largely controllable and provision can be made so that even if the ship sinks the radioactivity in the reactor is safely bottled up. There is, of course, always the possibility of a major accident, such as a collision, which might pierce the reactor casing and release radioactivity into a busy port; but in point of fact the shielding needed to protect the crew from radiation from the reactor also provides a substantial mechanical barrier against such a possibility.

The Americans have built a number of nuclear-powered submarines – which are not judged by commercial economics and give the military advantage of unlimited submersibility; the Royal Navy is following suit. The Americans are now also completing the uneconomic nuclear cargo-liner *Savannah*. The Russians have the nuclear ice-breaker *Lenin* in service – a shrewd application of nuclear power where the ability to remain at sea and at high power for long periods gives real benefits. But perhaps the most interesting scheme is that of the Germans who are now aiming to complete a nuclear freighter next year, try it out with one (organic-moderated) reactor system, then cut out that reactor and replace it by another type.

Shipping, like power generation in highly industrialised countries, is an intensely competitive business; and you could argue, now that nuclear power generation has failed to do as well as expected in competition with conventional power generation, you should be extremely chary about backing any further expensive nuclear projects. There is force in this argument, but however chary you may be, the notions that one day nuclear energy *will* find applications in transport and *will*

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work power stations in the developing countries remain as valid as they ever were. In transport, shipping is still the best bet to start with; and the requirement for a cheap reactor of medium power for a ship is very close to the requirement for moderate-sized power stations suitable for the developing countries.

It may conceivably turn out that the idea of getting peaceful power from uranium fission has been a grotesque mistake: that would be so if controlled nuclear fusion experiments paid off earlier than anyone now expects them to do. If not, Britain must try to get substantial returns from her extremely costly investment in fission power. We will not get it by believing that we already have the only type of reactor worth bothering about; we must do something, and one of the things to do is to build a nuclear surface ship.

I suppose there is no point in trying to revive the idea of a nuclear merchant tanker. The suggestion has been made that Britain should build a nuclear icebreaker for scientific work in the Antarctic and Arctic. The Admiralty might find a requirement for a nuclear-powered surface ship.

But what I should like to see is a nuclear-powered 'mercy ship' put by the British government at the disposal of the Red Cross or the United Nations but run at the same time as a technological experiment. It would be a fast ship specially equipped for disaster relief – Agadir, Chile, Belize spring to mind – and its powerful nuclear engines could provide a temporary electricity supply to the stricken area. If the technological circumstances require that you have a white elephant, why not make a virtue of it?

City Lights

TAURUS

Last week-end the Public Works Loans Board acknowledged the cut in Bank Rate by cutting its own rates for loans to local authorities. Nobody was at all interested. Some years ago, when the Tories believed enthusiastically in monetary policy, the PWLB was instructed to lend to local authorities only at the current market rate and only if the market could not supply their needs. Since then it has lent almost nothing; it has remained in existence only to collect repayments on past loans and to waggle its interest rates up and down in meaningless imitation.

The local authorities, of course, have continued to spend and to borrow. At the beginning, before they realised how rigidly the PWLB was to interpret its directive, Borough Treasurers actually welcomed their new freedom. They re-created overnight the pre-war market in local mortgages and were glad to borrow short on the assumption that interest rates would soon come down again. But interest rates did not come down, and Grandma could allow them only occasional access to the stock market. The short-term debt of local authorities became a steadily larger proportion of their total debt, and interest charges became a steadily larger part of their total expenditure.

In commonsense terms, of course, the policy was a piece of dogmatic foolishness from the beginning. Local authorities are allowed to borrow only if the appropriate government department decides that the capital expenditure proposed is in the public interest. Once it is decided that a plan is in the public interest, it is absurd to make it both difficult and expensive to raise the money for it, particularly since the cost to the community of the typical, long-term local authority project depends mainly on the rate of interest charged. Even if the government insists on paying through the nose for its own borrowing, it is unreasonable to force local authorities to pay more individually than would be necessary if they were allowed to act collectively. In practice a local authority is as good for its debts as the Exchequer; yet you can get considerably more for your money from the local council than from Treasury bills.

What commonsense refused to recognise for the sake of monetary policy, monetary policy itself is now beginning to acknowledge. The point the Radcliffe Committee made, that it is pointless to mop up the supply of Treasury bills if local authorities are simultaneously creating an alternative pool of short-term assets, was brightly disregarded. But foreigners too have finally, incredulously, grasped the fact that they can earn even more on local authority deposits than on Treasury bills, and with equal safety. A significant proportion of local authority capital expenditure is now financed by hot money; and Grandma may find it difficult to keep out the hot money, even by cutting Bank rate, while local authority rates are forced to remain so high. The PWLB may yet, as Radcliffe recommended, be brought back to life.

Signor Mattei, the boss of Italy's state-

SPEARHEAD GENERAL

Henry Maule

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owned gas and oil industry, has finally made up his mind to move into the British market; Warburgs and Hambros are to be represented on the board of his British company and Mr Charles Forte is to be its chairman, partly because of personal friendship, partly, no doubt, because of his nose for a good site. The British petrol market is not only the largest in Europe but is said to be the most profitable, and new companies are steadily crowding in to share the cream. Mattei's AGIP has collected only 70 sites so far; it has no terminal, may have to build a refinery, and is debarred (for political reasons) from bringing in Russian crude. If its invasion is to be taken more seriously than that of other minor oil companies, it is because of Mattei's personality and the fact that he has the banking resources of Italy behind him. He is certain to set new standards of garage service – food and drink on the spot, cleaning and minor repairs while you eat and drink. And, even if he has no immediate plans for price-cutting, his record in Italy bears out his reputation for hating the Seven Sisters, the big international oil companies. The big companies are in trouble enough already: the world oil surplus and the orderly reduction in prices with which they have tried to meet it has made producing countries restive and consuming countries rebellious – India, for example, is now wagging Russian prices threateningly under the nose of Burmah-Shell. If Mattei can build himself up sufficiently in this country he will not hesitate to make the going still more difficult for them. Any money Italy spends on selling petrol here will be no more than a fair offset to the amount British oil companies have recently spent on establishing themselves in Italy. Whether or not a price-war in oil would be a good thing for the country, nobody can say. The British oil companies, we all know, are a priceless national asset; but they have always refused, with Treasury support until now, to publish an oil balance of payments.

Company News

Guest Keen, in its half-year statement, has forecast that this year's profits may be £7-8m below last year's £31m: the dividend, however, is to be maintained. *Pressed Steel* is paying no interim dividend and forecasts (putting a large part of the blame on unofficial strikes) that results for the year will be most disappointing. On the other hand, *Lucas* reports a drop of only 12 per cent in gross profits, and *J. Brockhouse*, a large part of whose forgings go to the motor industry, has reported a substantial increase.

British Insulated Callender's Cables is slowly recovering from the price-cutting war in the cable industry, with a half-year profit up much more sharply than the increase in sales. *Gomme Holdings* (G-Plan furniture), however, has done even worse than expected, a net profit of £298,000 being converted into a net loss of £143,000.

United Dominions Trust, the dowager of HP finance companies, is splitting its £1 into 5s units. *Electric & Musical* has managed to raise a fixed-interest loan of £3.3m in Switzerland. *Tonibell*, the ice-cream chimes firm, has announced a higher interim dividend and promised a total of 37½ against 31½ per cent forecast. *Racal*, an electronics firm, was placed at 20s. 3d., opened at 28s.-29s., and is now over 30s. *Robertsons* (golliwogs) is to become public.

The Chess Board

No. 627. Allround Grandmastery

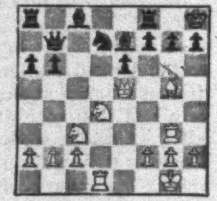
A pleonastic headline, for surely superb proficiency in every phase of the game ought to be a grandmaster's hallmark. It ought to be, but even so it is rare enough to find a game, equally thrilling by dint of unorthodox opening strategy, brilliant middle-game complications, and profound endgame technique. Now here (Bronstein-Botvinnik, Moscow 1944) is a case in point; incidentally, it happens to be the game that first put Bronstein into the limelight of worldwide recognition. And ever since, he has never been very much out of it.

1) e4, e5; 2) Ktf3, Ktc6; 3) Bb5, a6; 4) Ba4, Ktf6; 5) 0-0, Be7; 6) Re1, b5; 7) Bb3, d6; 8) c3, 0-0; 9) h3, Be6 [Orthodox, here, is . . . Kta5, followed by . . . c5 etc; the text is an "old fashioned" move rehabilitated by Botvinnik]; 10) d4! [A great improvement on the equally "old fashioned" Bc2, d5! giving Black at least equality], Bb3:; 11) Qb3:, ed:; 12) Ktd4:! [Better than cd:], Ktd4: 13) cd:, c5; 14) dc:, dc:; 15) e5, Ktd7 [. . . Kte8 probably preferable]; 16) a4!, c4; 17) Qg3, Re8; 18) Rd1, Bh4; 19) Qg4? [Larry Evans thinks that Qf4 was preferable, the more so since Black was evidently going in for the (dubious) sacrifice . . . Qe7; 20) g3, Kte5:; 21) gh:, Ktd3 etc], Bf2:†; 20) Kf2:, Kte5:; 21) Rd8:, Ktg4:†; 22) hg:, Rad8:; 23) ab:, ab:; 24) Bd2, Rd3; 25) Ra5, Rb3; 26) Bc1! (Bc3?), f6; 27) Ra3, Rd3; 28) Rd3:, cd:; 29) Be3, Re4; 30) Kf3, Rb4; 31) Bc1, g5; 32) g3, Rc4; 33) Be3 [the idea being the play Ktd2, followed by b3 and Ke4], h5? [Botvinnik is too confident. He should have taken the draw still to be had by . . . Rb4 34) Bc1, Rc4; 35) Be3, Rb4 etc]; 34) gh:, g4+ [Continuing what will turn out to be a faulty scheme]; 35) Kf2, Rc2+; 36) Ktd2, Rb2:; 37) Bf4, Ra2; 38) Ke3 [If White succeeds in winning the d-pawn and blockading the b-pawn his material advantage must give him an easy win], Ra3; 39) Kd4, Kf7; 40) Ke4, b4; 41) Kd4, Ra5; 42) h6, Rb5; 43) Kc4, Rb6; 44) Kc5!! [Evans reveals that in case of the more obvious Ktb3 Botvinnik had an ingenious resource up his sleeve : . . Rc6+; 45) Kb4:. Rc2, drawing in all variations and subvariations], Rb7; 45) Ktb3 [and now Black has no longer a check on the c-file], Kg6; 46) Kc4, R-b6; 47) Ktc5! [Obviously, Kd3: would be countered by . . . Rc6, etc.], Kh7; 48) Kb3, d2; 49) Bd2:, Rd6; 50) Bf4, Rd8 [Botvinnik, as Evans points out, is 'playing with the cunning of desperation'. A clever trap indeed, for if White had blundered by 51) Kb4:?? he would have been floored by . . Rd4†, followed by . . . Rf4: with a win for Black], but Bronstein turned out to be a conqueror rather than a sucker, playing 51) Kte4!!, Kg6; 52) Ktf2, Rb8; 53) Kc2, Ra8; 54) Kb2, Ra3; 55) Ktg4: ['The winning of this pawn', says Larry Evans, 'is no longer a means to an end, it is the actual end itself'], Rc3; 56) Kte3 Rd3; 57) Ktc2, Rd8 [Obviously . . . b3 would have been no good either against 58) Kte1, Rd8; 59) Ktf3, followed by Ktd2 and Ktb3:]; 58) Ktb4: and soon won.

This comes from the *American Chess Quarterly*, a lively new magazine with Bisguier, Evans, Fischer, Lasker and Lombardy as contributing editors and J. E. Peckover conducting an interesting endgame section. Here's a 1936 Gurvich prizewinner: / 2ktkr1Kt1 / 8 / P3P3 / 8 / 6K1 / 1Kt3kt2/16/. A draw, and this is the author's solution:

1) e7†, Kte7:; 2) Kte7:, Kth2†; 3) Kg3, Ktf1†; 4) Kg2, Kte3†; 5) Kf3, Re7:; 6) a7, Ra7:; 7) Ktd4, Ra3; 8) Ktb5, Rb3; 9) Ktd4, Rc3; 10) Ktb5, Rb3; 11) Ktd4, Ra3; 12) Ktb5, Ra5; 13) Ktd4! etc.

A: David Bronstein 1946



The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position with Bronstein, once again, triumphant. How then did White force resignation by one clever move? For 6 ladder points **B**, a win, is fairly easy and very neat indeed. By whispering the ugly but helpful word "depinning" I should make this even more of a bargain. For 7 points **C**, a draw, is not quite so easy, but very, very pretty. Usual prizes. Entries by **27** November.

B: Mouterde: /3kr2q/6Q1/24/4R3/8/K7/.

C: Gorgiev: /16/2r1P1P1/B4r1Kt/24/k6K/.

REPORT on No. 624. Set 27 October

A: 3) Ktf6†!,Kf8; 4) Rd8† etc.

B: 1) g5,Ke5 (forced); 2) gh:,Kf6; 3) Kc2,c4; 4) Kc1,b3; 5) Kb2 etc. Or 4) . . . dr. 5) Kd2 etc.

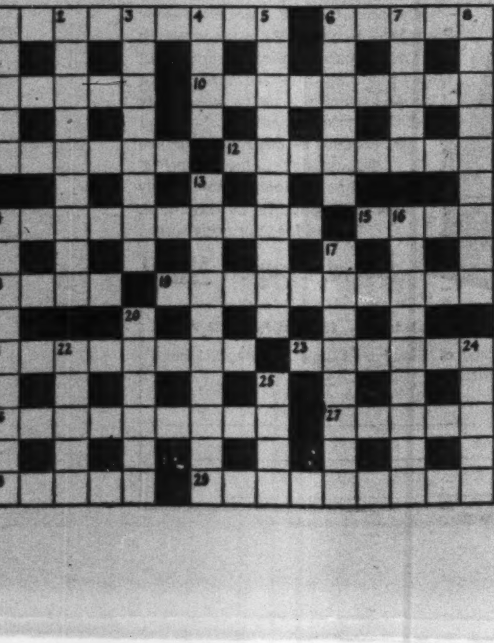
C: 1) Bd2,Ktg2; 2) Bf1!,Ktf4! (Best since . . . Kth4 fails against 3) Bg5 etc.); 3) Bf4:,Kf5; 4) Bc7,Kte6; 5) Kte3†,Ke4; 6) Ktd5!,Kd5:; 7) Bg2 mate.

A good many flawless entries though some failed to see the shortcut in **A**. Prizes: G. Abrahams, D. E. Cohen, D. Dean (a newcomer from France), G. W. Richardson, D. H. R. Stallybrass.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 484

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 484, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 28 November.



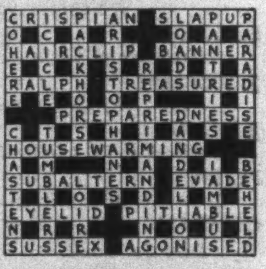
ACROSS

1. Possible surplus of garments (9).
6. Organisation puts one in the lead at tennis (5).
9. Snake found in the middle of scales (5).
10. Claims entrance after the middle of the school (9).
11. Plays for a drink in the streets (6).
12. Set of women who make the broadcast serial go (8).
14. Conversations with value for a big house (10).
15. Greek portico (4).
18. Venerable one who busies himself about God (4).
19. Companion of Justine (10).
21. Worse when I make deductions about a place in S. America (8).
23. He is at the top although no rise is involved (6).
26. Being a rake, the composer gets into a row (9).
27. Collect for a service (5).
28. River for Nell (5).
29. Perhaps a maiden, but possibly I made runs (9).

DOWN

1. Performances with songs on the piano (5).
2. Insidious delivery? (9).
3. The leading few climb into the stronghold (8).
4. Tree in which we include a relative (4).
5. Mineral lake (10).
6. Remarkable message (6).
7. Sum started by a child (5).
8. Piece of music for voice in setting composition (9).
13. There is something medicinal about a lake for a change of place (10).
14. Half of case with spirit allowed for a vehicle (9).
16. Buddhist writings which start with a journey (9).
17. Press treatment makes a fellow show anger (8).
20. Mount for painting without a painter (6).
22. Story in which the fairy holds the bachelor up (5).
24. Slashed a bob in what is the opposite of expensive (5).
25. 'They sell good —— at Haslemere' (Belloc) (4).

Solution to No. 482



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 482

Professor A. Castagna (Paris)
R. W. Page (Eastleigh)
Mrs Evans (Wolverhampton)

COMPANY MEETING

TUBE INVESTMENTS LIMITED

Sixth Year of Record Earnings

Record earnings for the sixth successive year were reported by Sir Ivan Stedeford, G.B.E., Chairman of Tube Investments Limited, in his annual review posted to stockholders yesterday (16 November 1961).

On a turnover expanded by 20%, total trading profits, after depreciation, he said, increased by £1,753,660 - over 9% - to £20,961,123, despite a reduction of £1,700,000 in the earnings of the British Aluminium Group. Without the British Aluminium figures, pre-tax profits of the main TI Group increased by over £3,500,000, taking in the income derived from new subsidiaries consolidated during the year. Excluding those new subsidiaries, profits exceeded the record earnings of the previous year by some £800,000.

In addition to the lower aluminium results, he continued, the operations of the Cycle and Electrical Divisions were less rewarding, owing to official restraint and keener competition. Activity in the capital goods and kindred industries remained at a high level, and kept the Steel Tube, Engineering and General Divisions busy, although margins were under growing pressure. The steelmaking companies, on a much increased turnover, did well, and served the main purpose for which they were acquired and were being developed - assuring TI with adequate supplies of the high quality steel it must use. But they were unfairly burdened by having to carry last year's additional costs without an adequate recompense in their own prices.

After giving full consideration to all relevant circumstances, including national policy, the Board recommended a final dividend of 7% making again a total distribution for the year of 14%.

The capital cost of TI's existing development programme (excluding the aluminium companies whose finances had been put on an independent basis) was estimated at £75,000,000 spread over the next five years or so. Financing it should not set a serious problem. With existing quick assets of £25,000,000 (excluding B.A.), plus cash flow, and allowing for additional working capital, the borrowing necessary would be short term, and was fully covered by TI's banking facilities, without affecting dividend policy. The completion of the programme would ensure TI's ability to meet the challenges and the opportunities of the future.

TI was now proceeding with a £31 million scheme, to be completed in 1964, covering a new low-cost steel works and primary and strip mills. The motive force which generated this important scheme was the need to bridge a gap in TI's future supply of tube steel.

TI's post-war growth, Sir Ivan said, had stemmed much more from the expansion of its own businesses than by acquiring new companies. By far the most substantial acquisitions had occurred in the past five years; yet during this period, when disposable resources of the Group had increased by £120 million, £65 million - over half - had been used in the expansion of its original businesses; the development, after purchase, of acquired companies, and the need of working capital on an increasing scale. During this same period, Group earnings increased by 85%, of which one half came directly from companies in TI before 1956, representing an effective growth rate of these companies of 8% a year.

TI's intake of export orders for the year increased to £34 million plus £8 million by British Aluminium. The Cycle Division had regained its former lead, but, whereas a few years ago 75% of direct exports were made by the Cycle and Tube Divisions, sales were now more evenly divided among four, including the Engineering and Aluminium Divisions. TI's overseas sales accounted for more than 1% of all U.K. exports, or 2% of the total exports of metals and engineering. The Commonwealth and United States took 43% respectively, and exports to Europe increased by 29%, representing 21% of TI's total

Results for the current year must depend on how long transition from present restrictions may take and on this predictions could not be made with any confidence. However TI was in a strong position to make use of all trading opportunities.

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GROUP LIMITED

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An organisation specialising exclusively in finance for the Building, Ownership and Management of Property invites you to open a Deposit Account and earn 8½% per annum paid gross without deduction of Tax.

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To: Finance & Mortgage Group Ltd., Eagle House, Craven Road, London, W.2. (Tel.: AMBassador 0055)

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Address: ....

....

NST

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Fifty six pages of colour illustrations and fact-packed articles in a monthly magazine that will keep you fully informed about life and living in the USSR—and all the latest developments in every field, from space travel to family affairs. **10s** a year, **16s** two years.
or **16s** a year for both ENGLISH and RUSSIAN editions. (Parallel texts to help you understand and learn Russian, easily, quickly). Direct delivery from Moscow.

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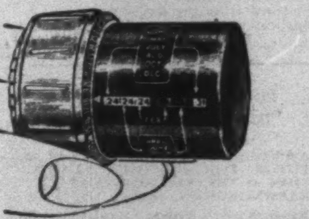
FAMILY PLANNING
THE NEW *NATURAL* APPROACH



THE C.D. INDICATOR is something that every married couple should know about and understand. It is a small Swiss made precision calculator on which you can work out those days of the month on which a woman cannot conceive.

The C.D. Indicator:—

1 Takes into account personal variations in the monthly cycle. Every woman is different and the C.D. Indicator will work to her own cycle.
2 Is easy to work. The explanatory leaflet, which you will receive by returning the coupon below, shows just how simple it is.
3 Is used and recommended by leading gynaecologists all over the world and is approved by religious authorities.
4 Makes possible the planning of children in a natural way — eliminates the need for artificial contraceptives which may be harmful.
5 Also shows the days on which a woman is most likely to conceive.

It is important to you that you should know all about the C.D. Indicator. Just fill in and return the coupon below for full details.

To the C.D. Indicator Advisory Bureau, Dept. N.S.20, 109, New Bond Street, London, W.1.
Please send without obligation and in a plain envelope, a free illustrated explanatory brochure giving details of the C.D. Indicator.

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ADDRESS ....

....

.... N.S.20

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

cost 6s. 6d. per line (average six words), minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Prepayment essential. Semi-display giving greater prominence £5 per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post. New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Telephone HOLborn 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

DOWNING COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE FELLOWSHIP IN HISTORY

The Governing Body hope to elect a Fellow in History with tenure commencing not later than 1 October 1962. The total emoluments, including payment for teaching, will be £1,050 per annum (£850 if resident in College) together with normal Fellowship allowances.

Applications should be made not later than 31 December 1961. Full particulars may be obtained from the Master.

THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS

Department of Adult Education and Extra-Mural Studies

Applications are invited for appointment as Director of Extra-Mural Classes and Courses at a salary of £2,500 a year. Experience of extra-mural work is desirable. Applications (twelve copies), stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with names of three referees, should reach The Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than 4 December 1961. Candidates overseas may apply in the first instance by cable, naming three referees, preferably in the United Kingdom.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTTINGHAM DEPARTMENT OF INDUSTRIAL ECONOMICS

Applications are invited for a Lectureship or Assistant Lectureship in Industrial Economics, with special reference to Accounting. Salary scales: Lecturer £1,050 to £1,850; Assistant Lecturer £800 to £950; initial salary according to qualifications and experience, plus membership of the Universities Superannuation Scheme and children's allowances. Conditions of appointment and form of application, to be returned by 9 December 1961, from the Registrar.

THE UNIVERSITY OF SHEFFIELD

Applications are invited for a post of ASSISTANT LECTURER or LECTURER in ENGLISH LITERATURE to begin duties on 1 October 1962. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience on the scale: Lecturer £1,050 x 50-£1,400 x 75-£1,850, or Assistant Lecturer: £800 x 50-£950, with FSSU provision and family allowance. A grant towards removal expenses will be made. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar to whom applications (3 copies) should be sent by 1 February 1962.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE

THE VILLAGE COLLEGE, BASSINGBOURN

Applications are invited for the post of TUTOR FOR FURTHER EDUCATION at THE VILLAGE COLLEGE, BASSINGBOURN, from 1 May 1962.

Bassingbourn Village College was opened in 1954 and accommodates both a Secondary Modern School of some 300 boys and girls from fourteen small villages and a centre for evening classes and other activities, the whole making a varied programme of provision for leisure. Classes and other activities including Youth Clubs are also promoted in the constituent villages.

The Tutor will be responsible, under the Warden of the Village College, for the organisation of Further Education and the Youth Service throughout the area served by the College and will also assist in the Secondary Modern School.

Salary according to Burnham Scale for Grade 'B' Assistants in Establishments for Further Education: £700 to £1,150, with appropriate additions for degree and training.

Further particulars and application forms which should be returned by 25 November, may be obtained from the Chief Education Officer, Shire Hall, Cambridge.

G. D. EDWARDS,
Chief Education Officer

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of a part-time Welfare Officer, female, preferably resident in the South London area. Commencing salary £364 per annum Candidates without training but with suitable background and experience would be considered. Apply in writing to the Assistant Secretary, The Jewish Blind Society, 1 Craven Hill, W2.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SMITH HOSPITAL, HENLEY-ON-THAMES

RESEARCH INVESTIGATION INTO CHILDHOOD PSYCHOSIS

Applications are invited for the post of Research Psychologist, graded at senior level, at this Psychiatric Hospital (46 beds) catering for children with psychotic disorders.

The successful candidate would be a senior member of a newly constituted research team and would co-operate with the present staff of the hospital in the design and execution of a comprehensive research project investigating different aspects of psychosis in children. He will be expected to co-ordinate the collection, recording and subsequent analysis of factual data, assist in the formulation and validation of diagnostic criteria and help to evaluate the effects of treatment. There is considerable scope for experimental investigations; control groups of subnormal children are available in associated hospitals of the Group. Facilities might be afforded for submitting work for a higher degree, and there are possibilities of liaison with the Universities of Oxford and Reading.

The appointment is subject to Whitley Council recommendations, PTA 87; salary in the range of £1,100-£1,500, point of entry depending on experience and qualifications. Research experience and experience with children are desirable and familiarity with statistical methods essential. The appointment will be until at least April 1963, in the first instance, with possibility of renewal after that date.

Further details from the Principal Psychologist, Fair Mile Hospital, Nr Wallingford, Berks. Applications to the Group Secretary, St Birinus Group Hospital Management Committee, Fair Mile Hospital, Nr Wallingford, Berks.

THE NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR MENTALLY HANDICAPPED CHILDREN

invites applications for the post of REGIONAL BRANCH OFFICER based on an office in the North East of England.

The Society, which has 250 affiliated societies, with a membership approaching 20,000 is now rapidly expanding its welfare, information and advisory services.

The Society seeks to appoint an Officer (man or woman) having a concern for the problems of mental handicap, to undertake the administration and development of its activities in the North East area. The post calls for a high degree of initiative and administrative experience. Salary (£850/£1,000) according to qualifications, plus superannuation.

Applications should be sent within a fortnight of the appearance of this advertisement to the GENERAL SECRETARY, NSMHC, 125 High Holborn, London, WC1.

CLAYBURY HOSPITAL, WOODFORD BRIDGE, WOODFORD GREEN, ESSEX

Qualified social worker required for geriatric wards at Claybury Hospital (Psychiatric) Woodford Bridge. This is a large hospital (2,100 beds), with a well-established social work department Psychiatric Social Workers are attached to the general admission and rehabilitation units, but there is need for a worker to specialise in problems of the elderly. Salary scale £600-£920 x London Weighting.

Further information from Senior Psychiatric Social Worker. Applications to Physician Superintendent with names of two referees.

SOCIAL WORK WITH ELDERLY

Napsbury Hospital, Nr St Albans, Herts

PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORK DEPARTMENT (Establishment 6)

has vacancy in newly created post for SOCIAL WORKER to undertake and develop work with elderly patients. It will involve helping patients back into the community, investigation of social background and the development of close liaison with voluntary and statutory services in the community. Candidates should hold a professional qualification in social work, degree or social science certificate and have had field experience. Salary according to National Health Service Scales.

Applications to Group Secretary, Napsbury Hospital.

ORGANISING Secretary, preferably married woman, trained or experienced in social work, required by Family Planning Association, 14 Frederick Rd, Birmingham, 15. Please apply in writing to General Sec.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

HERTFORDSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

Health Department

Applications are invited from men or women for full-time appointments as Mental Welfare Officers.

Duties will be concerned with the community care of subnormal patients and a smaller but increasing number of mentally ill people. It is hoped to establish a comparable standard of case work for both categories and the new worker will be expected to take a mixed case load, though working predominently with the mentally subnormal.

For the time being compulsory removals will continue to be done by the Welfare Officers appointed under the National Assistance Act who are also Mental Welfare Officers.

Applicants should have previous experience in the mental health field, and be able to drive a car. Preference will be given to those holding a Social Science Diploma or Certificate and likely to be suitable for later secondment for training as Psychiatric Social Workers.

Salary, according to experience and qualifications, in the Social Welfare Officers' Grade – £665 to £975 per annum.

Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the County Medical Officer, County Hall, Hertford.

DEVON COUNTY EDUCATION COMMITTEE

CRICHEL HOSTEL, TOTNES. The Committee wish to appoint a married couple as Warden and Matron of a small hostel for senior maladjusted boys. This is now at Totnes but will be moved to another part of South Devon later. The Warden and Matron will have to work closely with the Child Guidance Clinic and should, therefore, have some knowledge of Child Guidance methods and preferably have taken an approved course of training. Salaries will be on the scale £730 x £25 to £805 p.a. for the Warden, and £680 x £25 to £755 p.a. for the Matron, less a deduction of £180 in each case for board and lodging. Both posts are subject to the Local Government Superannuation Scheme.

Further particulars and application forms, returnable by 30 November, may be obtained from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Exeter.

ADMINISTRATIVE COUNTY OF WILTS

Applications are invited from suitably qualified women for the post of CHILD CARE OFFICER centred on one of the Area Offices at Trowbridge, Salisbury and Swindon. The post entails undertaking a cross section of child care responsibilities in an area including both rural and urban districts.

Salary within the scale £665-£975 according to qualifications and experience with a minimum salary of £820 per annum for persons holding the appropriate full professional qualificn. A County car or travelling allowances on the appropriate scale. Five day working week.

Application form and full details from the Clerk of the County Council, returnable as soon as possible.

WEST HAM COUNTY BOROUGH PROBATION AREA

FULL-TIME FEMALE PROBATION OFFICER

Age 23-40 years, except for serving Probation Officer. Appointment and salary according to Probation Rules. £40-£45 per annum Metropolitan addition; subject to superannuation deductions and medical examination. Applications together with names of two referees should be sent to the undersigned not later than 14 days after the appearance of this advertisement.

G. V. ADAMS,
Secretary of the West Ham County
Borough Probation Committee,
West Ham Magistrates' Court,
West Ham Lane, Stratford,
LONDON, E15.

ESSEX COUNTY COUNCIL

DEPUTY CHILDREN'S OFFICER

Applications are invited for the newly created post of Deputy Children's Officer from candidates with appropriate professional qualifications and wide experience of the work of a local authority Children's Department.

Salary £1,645 x £42 (5) to £1,855.

Applications marked 'Deputy Children's Officer' giving full details of age, qualifications and exper. and naming three referees to be sent to the Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Chelmsford, by Thursday, 30 November 1961. Canvassing disqualifies.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

NATIONAL COUNCIL OF YMCAs KINGSGATE COLLEGE, BROADSTAIRS, KENT

Resident Tutor

Applications are invited from men and women graduates for the post of Resident Tutor at this College of Adult Education. Duties include tutorial work with courses for young men and women from industry, as well as with the usual adult education courses.

The College works closely with the University of Oxford Delegacy for Extra-Mural Studies, the SE District of the WEA and the Kent Education Committee. Salary within a scale rising from £400 x 50 – £600 plus full board and accommodation. Further particulars from the Secretary at the College. Closing date for applics 2 Dec. 1961.

STENOGRAPHER/SECRETARIES

TANGANYIKA GOVERNMENT

Required for one tour of 21/27 months in first instance.

Salary according to experience in scale £978 rising to £1,239 a year. Outfit Allowance £45. Gratuity at rate of 25% of total salary drawn. Free passages. Liberal leave on full salary.

The coastal capital offers good sporting and recreational facilities. There are numerous social clubs and libraries affording a wide choice of reading.

Candidates must be single women, aged 22-40 and of good education. They must be competent shorthand-typists (min. speeds 120 and 50 w.p.m. respectively) with at least five years' experience of general office routine.

Apply to CROWN AGENTS, 4 Millbank, London, SW1, for application form and further particulars, stating age, name, brief details of qualifications and experience and quoting reference M3A/53184/NJ.

ESSEX

DEBDEN YOUTH CENTRE, LOUGHTON

Applications are invited for the post of Full-time Warden of this Centre which offers formal classes in Commercial and craft subjects and recreational activities for approximately 350 members.

Candidates should possess a degree, teaching certificate or diploma/certificate in social studies or youth leadership and have had experience in youth work.

Salary scale in accordance with Grade I of the Committee's scales for Youth Centre Wardens, (under review) at present £875 x £30 (6) x £20 (1) to £1,075 p.a. plus additions for training and graduate qualifications if in accordance with Burnham Further Education Salaries Report Conditions. London Allowance is payable.

Assistance towards removal expenses in approved cases.

Details and application forms from the Chief Education Officer, County Gardens, Rainsford Road, Chelmsford. Closing date 4 December 1961.

ESSEX

COUNTY YOUTH SERVICE

Applications are invited for the post of UNATTACHED YOUTH WARDEN for duties as required at the Committee's Youth Centres, and to assist particularly in the development of the service.

Candidates should hold a Degree, Social Science Certificate/Diploma or Teacher's Certificate, and must have had experience in Youth work or teaching.

Salary in accordance with Grade II of the Committee's scales for full-time Wardens of Youth Centres, (under review) at present £925 x £30 (6) x £20 (1) to £1,125 p.a. plus a non-pensionable travelling allowance of £40 p.a. The scale is subject to additions for training and graduate qualifications, if in accordance with Burnham Further Education Salary Report conditions. Previous comparable experience will be taken into account in assessing the commencing salary. Assistance towards removal expenses in approved cases. Further details and application form obtainable from the Chief Education Officer, County Gardens, Rainsford Road, Chelmsford. Closing date 4 December 1961.

HOUSEFATHERS and Mothers required, not married couples, young adult Spastic Centre. Active social life. Salary scale £475. Annual increments to £600. Apply Coombe Farm Residential Centre, Oaks Road, Croydon. Addiscombe 2310.

INTERESTING post vacant for Nursery School Teacher. Opportunity for using own initiative with emotionally disturbed children. Sal. accordg to scale. Residential. Principal, Frimhurst, Frimley Green, Surrey.

ESSEX
WELLINGTON AVENUE YOUTH CENTRE, CHINGFORD

Applications are invited for the post of full-time WARDEN of the above Youth Centre which offers formal classes in commercial and craft subjects and recreational activities for approximately 1,000 members.

Candidates should hold a degree, teaching certificate or Diploma/Certificate in Social Studies or Youth Leadership and must have had experience in Youth work and/or teaching.

Salary (under review) in accordance with Grade V the Committee's scales for Wardens of Youth Centres at present £1,025 x £30 (6) – £20 (1) to £1,225 p.a. The scale is subject to additions for training and graduate qualifications if in accordance with Burnham Further Education Salary Report conditions. London Allowance is payable.

Further details and application forms obtainable from the Chief Education Officer, County Gardens, Rainsford Road, Chelmsford Closing date 27 November 1961.

ESSEX
COURTS YOUTH CENTRE, OCKENDEN

Applications are invited for the post of full-time DEPUTY WARDEN (male or female) at this Centre, which offers formal classes in Commercial and other subjects, and recreational activities, for over six hundred members Candidates should hold a Degree, Teaching Certificate or Diploma/Certificate in Social Studies or Youth Leadership, and must have had experience in Youth Work and/or teaching. Salary (under review) £520 x £27 10s. (16) x £40 (1) to £1.000 p.a., with additions for training and Graduate qualifications, if in accordance with Burnham Further Education Salary Report conditions Further details and application forms obtainable from the Divisional Education Officer, Upminster Court, Hall Lane, Upminster, Essex. Closing date 27 November 1961

AMERICA

Mrs James Davis (ACCS),
Principal
THE OVERSEAS STAFF AGENCY
RICKMANSWORTH AND
SAN FRANCISCO,
CALIFORNIA

is available at her office here to discuss suitable child care and secretarial vacancies.

ITALY – posts as mother's helps and au pairs.

Please write to 45 Church Street, Rickmansworth, for an appointment.

BBC Monitoring Service at Caversham, near Reading requires (a) Monitor in German and one other European Language, preferably Spanish, Portuguese, French, or Dutch. Idiomatic knowledge of at least two languages essential: (b) Monitor in Greek and one other Foreign Language. Idiomatic knowledge of both essential. Duties of both posts include listening to and selective reporting of contents of news and other broadcasts from abroad. Perfect hearing, sound knowledge of world affairs, ability to type and translate into good English are essential. Shortlisted candidates will be asked to undergo tests. Starting salary £1,060 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with promotion to salary range £1,230-£1,555 p.a. when fully proficient. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope) and quoting reference 61.G.520 N. Stm (a) or (b) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

GOVERNMENT Social Survey. The Social Survey Division of the Central Office of Information requires women supervisors to assist with their interviewer training programmes and to supervise field work. Applicants must have had considerable experience of interviewing members of the public or have some qualifications in social work or social administration. Applicants selected will be given basic training in Social Survey interviewing methods and they must be prepared to travel frequently to any part of the country. The posts are graded Assistant Information Officer (unestablished), starting salary according to experience and qualifications rising to a maximum of £1,214. Write, giving age, full details of exp. and quals to Manager (PE.765), Ministry of Labour, Professional & Executive Register, Atlantic House, Farringdon Street, London, EC4.

MARRIED couple (husband following own occupation) or single woman required for residential work with worthwhile social purpose in small hostel, Holloway area. Write Secretary, Second House Committee, 402 Seven Sisters Road, N4.

£850 to £1,000 for right man to take responsible position as leader of Jewish Youth Club in London. Initiative, originality and administrative reliability are a 'must'. Box 6908.

LONDON County Council, Children's Department. Men and women suitably qualified and with experience of work with deprived children and their families required as Child Welfare Officers at Area Children's Office, 345 Holloway Road, N7. Home Office Certificate in Child Care or Certificate in Applied Social Studies desirable. Area covers Islington, Holborn and Finsbury and its out-county boarding area is Middlesex, Herts, Beds. Considerable travelling involved. Married women formerly engaged in related social work and now seeking re-employment also considered. £740-£1,060 according to quals and exper. Form and details from Children's Officer (EL/N/3025/11), County Hall, SE1.

MIDDLESEX County Council – Education Department – Psychiatric Social Worker reqd at Tottenham Child Guidance Centre, Lordship Lane, Tottenham, N17. The Centre is staffed by a full Child Guidance Team, with adequate secretarial help. Opportunities for long & short term case work & close liaison with Health Authority. PTA qual. Salary £740-£1,000 plus London Weighting up to £40. Prescribed conditions. Enquiries & appoints to visit the Centre telephone Tottenham 8898. Applic. forms from Borough Education Officer, Education Offices, Philip Lane, N15, returnable within 14 days. (Quote H.819 NS).

MIDDLESEX County Council – County Health Dept. Psychiatric Social Workers (whole or part-time) reqd for skilled casework in community care services. Work is developing in scope & individual interest in various aspects of social treatment is encouraged. Successful applicants with more experience have opportunity of learning teaching methods & group supervision. Casework consultation with exper. officers available for newly qualified. Establishment of 10 psychiatric social workers & County Psychiatric Social Work Organiser. PTA quals & salary. Car allowance. Particulars & 2 referees to County Medical Officer, Ref. 'S'. 3, 5 & 7 Old Queen St, SW1, by 8 December. (Quote H.853 NS).

CLINICAL Psychologist, basic grade for clinical psychological investigation of patients referred by medical staff. This will not preclude the undertaking of research on a personal basis. There is a Chief Psychologist mainly engaged in research and a Senior Psychologist engaged mainly in clinical psychological work Salary and conditions of service in accordance with PTA Whitley Council. Applications, stating age, qualifications, training and experience, together with the names of three referees to the Secretary, Netherne Hospital, Coulsdon, Surrey.

RAMPTON Hospital, Retford, Notts. (Special Hospital for Mentally Subnormal Patients). Wholetime Clinical Psychologist· Considerable scope for research. Close association with the University of Sheffield (Department of Psychology), with facilities to register for Ph.D Further information from Medical Superintendent. House or quarters available. NHS Conditions and Superannuation applicable. Salary Scales: £625-£730 (Probationary) plus £65; £790-£1.100 (post probationary) allowance. Candidates may visit Hospital by appointment. Applications, giving full particulars of qualifications and experience and naming three referees to Medical Superintendent not later than 20 November 1961.

OLD People's Workshops – Organiser. The Hackney Association for Workshops for the Elderly require the services of a full-time Organiser to take responsibility for the overall management of their two light industrial Old Age Pensioners Workshops. Commercial or industrial supervisory experience combined with a genuine interest in the welfare of old people essential. Salary £600-£650 per annum (car allowance). Write, stating full record of education, experience and qualifications to the Hon. Secretary, HAWE, A. J. L. Jacobs, Pembury Works, Pembury Grove, Clapton, E5.

FAMILY Caseworker with Social Science qualification wanted for well-established Family Casework Agency in Manchester. Professional casework training or good casework experience desirable. Further particulars on application to: The Hon. Secretary, Family Welfare Association of Manchester & Salford, Gaddum House, Queen Street, Manchester, 2.

BODENHAM Manor Residential School, Herefordshire. Recognised by the Ministry of Education. This reorganised school requires an assistant man or woman teacher for the younger group of 32 maladjusted boys. The Managers seek someone sympathetic though not necessarily experienced with the problem of disturbed children. Experience of infant school teaching and music an advantage. Salary – Burnham scale plus emoluments for extraneous duties. Further partics from Secretary to the Managers, 23 Laburnum Rd, Birmingham, 30.

RESIDENT Matron required, as from September 1962, to co-operate with resident Housemistress and Headmistress in the care of 96 foreign students. Salary starting at £500 rising to £700 per annum plus full board-residence. Seven weeks' holiday annually. Apply, with two references, to the Headmistress, LTC Ladies' College of English, Compton Park, Eastbourne.

MEDICAL Secretaries & Receptionists urgently required for Doctors and Hospitals. Perm. & temp. M. & S. Agency, 32 Queen Victoria St, EC4. CITy 7131.

THE Royal Institute of British Architects requires an Administrative Assistant in its Department for liaison with architectural societies at home and abroad. The post is an exceptionally attractive one for a young man or woman, with some administrative experience and a good knowledge of languages, of which French would be essential, Spanish and Russian desirable. He would be responsible to the Chief Information Officer for the day-to-day administration of the RIBA's liaison services, including relations with the International Union of Architects, and the organisation of the Commonwealth Architects' Conference. The appointment would be made in the salary range £700 rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,250 according to age, qualifications and experience. For further particulars apply to the Secretary, RIBA, 66 Portland Place, London, W1.

RESIDENT Housemistress, to do also some teaching, required from January 1962. Burnham Scale and Ministry of Education Pension. 13 weeks' annual holiday. Candidates should possess a degree either in History or Modern Languages, English, Geography or Social Sciences The position offers special opportunities to those interested in teaching English to foreigners. Apply, stating qualifications, to the Headmistress, LTC Ladies' College of English, Compton Park, Eastbourne

SOUTH Midlands. A well-established school for Junior Maladjusted Children requires an Educational Psychologist as Headmaster. This is a new appointment and applications are invited from men who have had considerable experience in this particular field. Age limit is thirty-five. Write Box 424, Reynell's Ltd, 44 Chancery Lane, London, WC2.

CO-OPERATIVE Union Ltd, Education Department. New appointment as Officer for the Auxiliaries for advice and assistance to the Co-operative adult guilds and other auxiliary organisations. This officer in the headquarters staff of the Education Department will be expected to undertake extensive visits throughout the country. Commencing salary within scale £720 x 25 to £920. Application forms and further particulars from the Chief Education Officer, Stanford Hall, Loughborough, Leicestershire, to whom applics should be returned not later than 6 December 1961.

TRADE Union Solicitors, with large practice in London, require intelligent and progressive young man with or without previous legal experience for training as litigation clerk, dealing mainly with claims for damages arising out of industrial accidents. Box 6753.

NORTH Cotswolds. An Independent School for Junior Maladjusted Children needs a qualified and experienced teacher for the remedial teaching of general subjects to small groups. Boarding school experience and a willingness to undertake extraneous duties essential. Write Box 423, Reynell's Ltd, 44 Chancery Lane, WC2.

NORTH Cotswolds. A single woman with good boarding school experience as Matron or Housemother for a well paid post of responsibility in small Independent School for Junior Maladjusted Children of good intelligence. Apply to the Principal, Adlestrop Park, Nr Moreton-in-Marsh, Gloucestershire.

ASSISTANT Matron/Housekeeper wanted for Jewish Old Age Home in Hampstead Garden Suburb to be opened shortly. Continental background desirable. Excellent accommodation and remuneration. Applications to Secretary, Association of Jewish Refugees in Great Britain, 8 Fairfax Mansions, Fairfax Road, London, NW3.

ARCHITECT required for the 'Architects' Journal' Editorial Staff. Must be intensely interested in building costs and techniques and preparation of technical information. Please write giving details of experience, age and salary required to the Editor, 'Architects' Journal', 9-13 Queen Anne's Gate, SW1.

QUALIFIED Accountant. Required for rapidly expanding practice in Nyasaland a young qualified accountant. The position offers a generous salary with passages paid and the chance to get in at the bottom in a territory where racial relations are harmonious, rapid development is imminent and the climate is pleasant. The successful applicant may be assured that he will enjoy a high standard of living and will be able to make regular savings. Nyasaland is at present outside the fall out zone and we have never had it so good. Interviews may be arranged in England between 24 Dec. 1961 and 10 Jan. 1962. Applications please to PO Box 1, Blantyre, Nyasaland.

INTERESTING new job for lady to assist in the starting up, in the first instance, of a new shop in NW London, but later throughout a group of Do-It-Yourself shops, of a Women's Section. Full scope will be given to advise on the selection, display and sale of the merchandise. Experience either in teaching or selling handicrafts essential – experience in both an advantage. Write giving details of age, experience, education, salary required, etc., to V.C., Box 6920.

ST MARYLEBONE Labour Party requires part-time clerical help, 3-7 p.m. three days a week. Good typing essential. Ring Secretary at PRImrose 0092.

WHILE THEY SLEEP...

The tranquillity on a sleeping child's face clearly shows that today's troubles are forgotten and tomorrow's may never be. His world is secure.

It takes time to bring this feeling of security to a child who has seen his whole world crumble; it takes time—and money.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

REPRESENTATIVE required by scientific publishing house based in London to call on Universities, important Libraries and book trade throughout the United Kingdom. Age below 35. Car or car allowance provided. Non-contributory pension scheme. Salary commensurate with experience. Written application in strict confidence to Box 6965.

EDITORIAL Assistant (secretarial qualifications). About 20-25. Good English and interest in social subjects. Particulars (inc. salary level) to Editor, Town and Country Planning, 28 King Street, WC2.

SHORTHAND-typists (2) required, one as secretarial assistant to members of academic staff and the second for committee and general administrative duties. Salary according to age and experience £500-£550, with four weeks' annual leave. Write to Dr C. W. Dixon, University of London Institute of Education, Malet Street, WC1.

SECRETARY/Personal Assistant required by editor of weekly economic newsletter. Scope for initiative. MEED, 84 Chancery Lane, WC2. CHA. 8534.

SECRETARY, 21/25, for Architects, WC2. Salary £11 to £12. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

A SPECIALISED secretarial vacancy exists for the writing and production of a daily press synopsis for a firm of professional West End consultants. Applicant should have a good general education, précis well, be speedy accurate typist, familiar with stencilling and duplicating techniques and able to keep detailed records. Hours 9.30 a.m. to 5.30 p.m., no Saturdays. 3 weeks holiday. Salary according to experience. Ring MAYfair 2430 or write Box 7015.

THE Better job for the Better girl. From Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes Street, Hanover Square, W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

RELIABLE driver/packer required. Varied work. Young expanding company. GERrard 3434.

COMF. home in rural area plus £3 wkly offd to liberal-minded woman, willing to turn a hand to anything. Box 7008.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

INTELLIGENT student, three 'A'-Level, convinced university represents escapism nowadays except for future teachers etc., so no longer keen, seeks satisfying work, anything considered, not removed from human contact. Intd in people, gd French, some Spanish, though not nec. language work. Pref. in or based London. Box 6925.

TALENTED, practical, young married girl seeks interesting and worthwhile part-time work, preferably social or political. Box 6958.

YOUNG woman, 30's, reqs London posn involving typing of scientific papers etc., w. some sh.-hand. Medicine, chemistry, botany or similar. Wishes avoid work connected with bomb or armaments. Box 6870.

BILINGUAL Frenchman, Ldn, expd press, advg, sales promotion, public rel sks full/pt-time active work with scope where keen reliable 'service' is wntd. Box 7021.

LONDON Librarian (FLA, f., 37), 19 yrs exp., 15 yrs foreign cataloguing, editorial work, literary interests, translating from German, seeks interesting, lucrative work. Box 6861.

QUALIFIED master, experienced stimulating exciting creative work in painting, writing, drama, etc., from senior pupils and adults, seeks post in secondary school or adult education where abilities will be welcomed. Box 6986.

READER/Editorial Assistant available (woman graduate). Wide experience women's markets. Box 6938.

ALERT male, 21, A-level, seeks change commercial rat-race for worthwhile occupation. Suggestions please. Box 6993.

CEYLONESE lawyer with over 15 years' active experience, arriving in the UK shortly, seeks suitable permanent employment. Box 7040.

GRADUATE SCHOLARSHIPS

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Commonwealth Bank Graduate Scholarships. Applications are invited from graduates or graduands in Economics, or graduates or graduands in Arts who have specialised in Economics for Commonwealth Bank Scholarships. Graduands may make application and later supply, when available, evidence of final results at graduation. Commonwealth Bank Scholarships, which are tenable in the University of Sydney, are available for research in the Faculty of Economics. They are awarded in the first instance for one year, but may be renewed for a second year and, in exceptional circumstances, for a third year. A scholar may hold the Scholarship in the third year either at the University of Sydney or at an approved overseas University. The value of the Scholarship is £A1,000 per annum. Further information and application forms may be obtained from the Registrar, University of Sydney, Sydney, New South Wales, Australia, with whom applications close on 31 December 1961. M. A. Telfer, Registrar.

FELLOWSHIPS

FELLOWSHIPS for intending Tutors in Social Work. Applications are invited from persons with professional qualifications and wide experience in social work who wish to prepare themselves for appointment as Tutors in courses for general social workers. The value of the Fellowships, normally of 6-9 months duration, will be at the rate of £700-£1,150 p.a., according to qualifications and circumstances. Particulars from the Registrar, National Institute for Social Work Training, Mary Ward House, Tavistock Place, WC1. Closing date for applications 18 Dec.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

W8. Furn. gd-fl. base. dble bed, k., sit., clkrm. Music prac. 8 gns. Box 7022.

FLAT Connaught Sq. 2 men aged 23 sk third to share. Lge, well-furn. with own rm. 6 gns. Write with partics Box 7024.

KENSINGTON. Priv. flat. Lge b/s., kit-'ette, 4 gns. Small b/s., use k. 3 gns. Own phones. Meters. Prof. woman. FLA. 0610.

AUTHORESS offers woman bed.-sit., own tel., £3. Occas. baby-sitting. HAM 2715.

PART large flat avail. Highgate: suit. yng architect, etc. (not full-time student). Phone FIT. 1298 after 6 p.m.

HAMPSTEAD nr tube: s/c. contemp. furn basement-flat. 2 r., kit., bth, h. & c., gdn. 7½ gns. MAI. 4583 bef. 11 a.m.

THE Talk Of The Town – Personal Accommodation Services for top quality though not necessarily expensive flats, flatlets and rooms in Hampstead and surrounding districts. Each unit of accommodation inspected to ensure comfort and cleanliness. 28 Church Row, NW3. HAM. 0027.

FLAT, ptly furn., lge rm & k., all facs, elegant house NW2. GLA. 9088 aft. 6.

THREE unfurn. top-floor rooms in prof. woman's flat offered another; share kitchen, bthrm & expenses. Box 6972.

JEWISH yng lady, over 21, to share reas. flat, Hendon, with another. Box 7017.

2 s./c. flats, excel. cond., avail. Dec. Hackney. (1) Gnd-flr furn. 2 r., k., b., sep. lav. Front & back gdns. Suit 2/3 pers. 9 gns p.w. inc. (2) Unfur. 4-r., sep. b., sep. lav., 7 gns p.w. inc. Box 6891.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 300 double and single rooms. £5 full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

COMFORTABLE small cottage for winter months or longer. 3 bedrooms, dining-room, living-room, kitchen, bathroom, w.c., garage, garden. Gas, electricity. Near New Milton, Hampshire. Winter rent £3 13s. 6d. Phone PRI. 3222 or write Box 6974.

ASCOT: unfurn. flat, 4 rms, kit. & bath, garage av. £250 year excl. Box 6994.

ACCOMMODATION EXCHANGE

EXCHANGE unf. s/c. flat Queensway, lge room, k. & b. £4 inc. f. & f. 1 yr lease for sim. flat, lower rent. Box 6960.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

FURNISHED flat wanted 18 Dec.-18 Jan. Central London; TV and phone reqd. Mother and daughter (Dutch). Box 7019.

PROFESSIONAL woman reqs furnished accom. easily accessible Victoria Park. Canonbury district prefd. Box 6998.

COUNTRY family req. flat NW3, 6 or 8; New Year 10 days, sleep four. Box 6995.

YNG woman, friendly Alsatian & happy toddler urgent. need 2 rms Ldn. Want indep. but willing co-operate fully, i.e. baby-sit., dog-walk etc. Own furn. if needed. Max. rent £3. Tel. Hatfield (HA5) 4914.

TWO men, 30's, sk fully self-contd, furn. flat, easy access Town. Box 6992.

INTELLIGENT bach. (24) seeks room with cooking facs. W1, WC1. Box 7030.

YOUNG business woman sks flat or bed-sit. SW or N. Reasonable. Box 7004.

PROFESSIONAL man wants really large, pref. unfurn. room, simple ckg facs. No service. London/environs. Box 6937.

FLATLET required by prof. woman with baby. Willing to help with children/house, exchange moderate rent. Box 6874.

YNG prof. cple, new baby, req. s./c. furn. flat, any area London. Box 6909.

WANTED in Highgate area, accom. and board for young architect, aged 23, in private home. HUN. 3221. Ext. 144.

TWO unfurn./part-furn. rooms, large, light. Cooking/bath facs. In or near London. Young couple, no children. Interests: theatre, music, painting. Baby-sitting when free, for moderate rent. Box 6830.

RESEARCH student (Orientalist) sks quiet room easy reach SW1, max. 70s. p.w., from about mid-December. Box 6834.

FURN. flat. 2 males. Kitchen. Max. £6 10s. Convenient W. End. Box 6880.

REPUTABLE School requires good family accommodation for continental students; London, Bournemouth and Oxford. Terms etc. to Box 6966.

BACHELOR seeks furnished accommodation, Luton area. Dr Burdon, 106 St George's Sq., SW1, or VIC. 4620 aft. 6 p.m.

PERSONAL

BRITISH HONDURAS HURRICANE

Hundreds dead. Hundreds missing. Thousands homeless. Country at a standstill.

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British Honduras Fund,
4 Millbank, London, SW1.

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YOUNG girl for Denmark. A teacher's family in Copenhagen want an English-speaking girl for help in the house from 1 December (eventually 1 January) to 1 July. Three children (12 and 7 years and 9 months). Write for details to Box 6957.

PART-time Secretary reqd for afternoons, by Engineering Consultants. (Holborn Area). Intelligence & flair for scientific subjects appreciated, some typing useful. Only versatile persons capable of working without supervision should apply. Box 6873.

YNG man 35, Brit., white, at pres. still abroad, emotionally still insecure through over-sensitivity, seeks accom & family-life with understanding fam. who will help him to adjust again to life and also help him find work. Box 6779.

DUBLIN flat for Xmas, exchange for London flat. 84 Highfield Road, Rathgar.

ARTIST using 4-bedroom 14th Century wing of country manor weekends offers share. £3 10s. p.w. Box 6956.

WOMAN graduate (36), French, bilingual German, secretarial qualifications, free 21 Dec.-9 Jan., seeks temporary job abroad or England. Box 6810.

WANTED: an intelligent young man who is good with his hands and interested in antiques to train as a restorer of painted furniture in first-class studio. Box 6826.

LADY writer/prospective playwright urgently wishes contact amateur or professional actors or other writers interested in collaboration. 'Phone Gloucester 27316 or write Box 6901.

ARTICLES wanted to captivate every undergraduate in the country. MSS with s.a.e.: Cheetham, 174A Randolph Av., W9.

PLANETARIA: Sale of mobiles & orreries. Moving studio Paris. Box 6758.

NEW North London Social Bridge Group for ages 30-45 invites new members. No fees. Married couples preferred. Box 6981.

REBUILT Partisan Restaurant and Coffee Bar reopens Monday 20 November under new management. 'Sevendown' cellar for London New Left Club & 'Ballads and Blues' also available for meetings. 7 Carlisle Street, W1. REG. 5741.

SAILAWAY Children's Community, Bosham, Chichester, Sussex Unique child care service. 3-14 years. Temporary or permanent. Happy holidays. Children attend excellent day school. Apply for brochure.

BEST Wishes for Christmas and the New Year can be sent by you to your friends and to one of thousands of prisoners in jails because of their belief in freedom. The name and address of a prisoner supplied with every six-language Christmas card bought from Amnesty, the international movement working for the release of prisoners of conscience Send s.a.e. for sample or 6s. 9d. for one dozen or £1 for 3 dozen, post free, to Amnesty Christmas Card Dept, 153 Victoria St, London, SW1.

4TH Anniversary Dance, Victoria Hall, Bloomsbury Sq. (nr Holborn tube) Fri. 24 Nov., 8 p.m. 7s. 6d For details of parties to theatres, concerts, outings etc., send s.a.e. to Companions Club, 11S Dryden Chambers, W1.

INTERNATIONAL Christmas Week at Friendship House, Bückeburg, Germany, 22-29 Dec. Fee £6. Festivities, excursions, discussions. Africans, Asians, Americans, Europeans, all apply to A. Brocklehurst, 6 Endsleigh St, WC1. Tel. EUS. 3667.

ONE-act Play Contest. The Transatlantic Review offers a first prize of £75 for a new one-act play. Judges will include William Gaskill of the Royal Court and the winning entries will be published in the Transatlantic Review. All manuscripts to be sent with s.a.e. to the Transatlantic Review, 33 Ennismore Gdns, SW7 and must arrive before 1 February.

ELIZABETH Biddulph ROI paints portraits from 30 gns. 6 Mountview Rd, N4.

SPANISH Intensive Course: London, 27-30 December. Classes by native Spanish teachers. Apply: Hispanic Council, 2 Belgrave Square, London, SW1.

DOMESTICS Unlimited (ACY) for reliable cleaners & babysitters. CUN. 0461.

GUITAR. Vacancies for classical lessons this Autumn. Write or ring for free booklet. Lock Aitken, Spanish Guitar Studio, 84 Newman St, W1. LAN. 8094.

PERSONAL—continued

WE type tapes same day. Hire, sell dict. machines, tape-recorders. Collect and deliver London. Tape-Typing, MON. 0188.

'BRAZIERS Conference: The Religious Aspect' at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. 15-18 Dec.; also 'Movement and Dance'.

ACROSS Frontiers: The Friends Service Council (Quakers) welcomes gifts and legacies for its international service oversea. FSC (26), Friends House, Euston Road, London, NW1.

PICASSO paintings are best inspected wearing suede or leather jackets made to measure by E. Harris, 24 Berwick St, W1.

AMATEUR Rep. reqs expd producers, actors, actresses/singers (Beginners accepted evening drama classes). Season conts: The Tunnel Of Love, The Matchmaker (250th Production), Come Closer And Look (New Play). Winter Season: Little Women (Musical Version), A Memory Of Two Mondays, Chin-Chin, Angels In Love, Live Like Pigs, The Happy Time, The Rose Tattoo. Mountview Theatre Club, 104 Crouch Hill, N8. (MOU. 5885).

YOU can speak Italian effortlessly in 3 months. Details: Setogni, WEL. 6655.

INFORMATION Research Bureau. Do you need facts, reference lists, research papers? General, scientific, languages, current affairs, etc. IRB, Box 6911.

PRINTING at less cost by offset litho with text in print-style type. Books, brochures, catalogues, etc., with illus. Susan Tully Ltd, 9 Blenheim St. W1. MAY. 6093.

NOT C. of E.? Perhaps Humanist. Write Ethical Union (F), 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, London, W8.

WIN – in easy £175 Letter Contest! Send for Free Entry Form – plus Free 'Know-How Guide to Writing Success', No Sales – No Fees training. Free 'Writer' subscription; two free writing encyclopaedias. BA School of Successful Writing Ltd, 124 New Bond Street, London, W1.

TELEVISION Writing School is training writers in the technique of TV for ABC Television, Associated-Rediffusion and Associated Television, as well as other TV companies. For details of our correspondence courses apply: Television Writing School Ltd, 14 Sackville St. London, W1.

CHRONIC Catarrh is commonly treated with drugs, inhalants, sprays, cauterisation and even surgery, yet withal the condition – the implacable enemy of fitness and mental activity – remains Garlisol Tablets will liquify catarrh and purify and clear the entire system. Harmless, benevolent, and with no drug reaction on the heart or other organs. Not habit forming. Send 52s 6d. for six months' treatment (1,000 Tablets) or £1 12s. 6d. (3 months' treatment) together with booklet of dietary advice, to Garlisol Company, Fairlight, Sussex, or order through your chemist.

MR M. DAVIDSON, FSMC, Ophthalmic Optician, attends the Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, EC1. (Tel. HOL: 8193).

GUITAR Lessons. Classical, Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Road, SW10. FLA. 4354.

VISION corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner Michael Ronan, 29 Gloucester Road, SW7. KNIghtsbridge 7323.

AFTER 30 years of misery I found the way to relieve catarrh. My method is the result of many years' research, and it is most successful 3d. stamp for details: S. R. Underwood (NS), 176 Regent Court, Sheffield, 6.

TEMPORARY shorthand-typists always available. GK Bureau, 196 Oxford Street, W1. MUS. 6858.

GALTS Make Good Toys. Write for catalogue, order by post, or visit London's newest toyshop Galts, Dept NS, 30 Gt Marlborough St, W1 (behind Liberty's).

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PHILIP Humphreys, psychologist, formerly of Prince's Gate, now at Richmond. RIC. 4416.

4¾% Interest (Tax paid by The New Homes Building Soc., E. Twickenham). Invest in a Society devoted only to assist owner-occupiers. Chair: A. Marlowe, MP.

IMPECCABLE printing for NS readers. Letterheads to books. The Blado Press, 171 Strand, Surrey St, WC2. TEM. 2545.

SHORT Story Writing for Profit. The ideal hobby. Interesting prospectus free. The Regent Institute (S/191), Palace Gate, W8.

FAMOUS Writers' School, 53 Fleet Street, London, EC4. Courses in Fiction and Article Writing. (FLEet Street 7158/4734).

THE Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, Niddry Lodge, Holland St, W8 (WES. 0989), & 20 Grosvenor Pla., SW1 (SLO. 9595), for conversn & tuition.

LONDON School of Bridge, 38 Kings Rd, SW3 Sloane Sq. KEN 7201. Club attached.

PRINTING at less cost than duplicating, even short runs, even when illustrated – and at what speed! William Kempner Ltd, 36 Brooke Street, EC1. CHA. 3588.

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

LECTURES etc.—continued from p.768

RENEE Short speaks on 'Germany, East and West', 24 Nov., 8 p.m. UNA, 46a Marlowes, Hemel Hempstead.

ILP Forum, Friday, 17 Nov. 7.30 p.m., Friends House, Euston Rd. David Alexander on 'A Marxist Visits Russia'.

A READING of Poems, with Comments by Daniel G. Hoffman, American poet and critic, author of 'A Little Geste', et al. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Tuesday, 21 November, 6.30 p.m. Admission free.

INSTITUTO de España, 102 Eaton Square, SW1. Lecture by Dn Carlos Sahagún on 'La generación poética de 1925' on 23 November at 6 p.m.

MODERN Man & the Animal Kingdom: Dr Maurice Burton. Sun. 19 Nov., 11 a.m. Chamber Music Concert 6.30 p.m. Christianity & Islam and the Challenge of Communism: F. A. Ridley: Conway Hall, WC1. Discussion. 21 Nov., 7.30 p.m.

'KARMA, Cause and Effect in Nature'. Public lecture, 19 Nov., 8 p.m. Free literature. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun. 19 Nov., 6.30, Music & Readings, 7 p.m. 'Extra-sensory Perception': David Tribe.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Special Public Meeting, Caxton Hall, SW1. Wed., 22 Nov., 6.30 p.m. Bhavana (Mind Training), Mr Christmas Humphreys. Send 4s. for 'The Middle Way'. Enquiries: TAT. 1313.

IWC Public Lecture. Free. Czeslaw Halski ARAM: 'Musical Impressions from Warsaw'. 8.30 tonight, 17 Nov. 62 Queen's Gardens, W2 PAD. 0688.

'THE Common Cold – Man's Best Friend', Boris Chaitow. Caxton Hall, Mon. 20 Nov., 7.30. 2s. 6d. London Natural Health Society. Details: 85 Stoneleigh Rd, Ilford.

PSYCHOLOGY. Sociology. discussion, dancing, painting, rambling – are you interested? Write: Progressive League (N3), 20 Buckingham Street, WC2.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London HQ, 33 Belgrave Square, SW1 BEL. 3351.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures entitled (1) 'Social Comedy in 15th- and 16th-century romances'; (2) 'Translators and their sources', will be delivered by Professor Margaret Schlauch (Warsaw) at 5.30 p.m. on 27 and 29 November at the University of London, Senate House, WC1. Admn free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

THE London School of Economics and Political Science. Applications are invited from experienced social workers, male and female, for places in the Mental Health Course, a one-year full-time course commencing October 1962. Grants for fees and maintenance are available for suitable applicants. This training qualifies for psychiatric social work in Child Guidance Clinics, Mental Hospitals and Local Authority Mental Health Service. It is also valuable for all kinds of social workers who wish for further supervised casework experience in a psychiatric setting. Candidates must hold a degree or certificate in the Social Sciences, and have had practical training and full-time employment in social work. The minimum age for acceptance is 22 years, but preference is given to those between 24 and 35. Applications should be made as soon as possible and not later than 1 February 1962. Further particulars may be obtained from the Senior Lecturer, Mental Health Course, London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, WC2, where the course will be held.

EASTER Course at the University of Bonn, Western Germany. From 24 March to 14 April 1962. German Language and Literature. Fees DM 180: Board and Lodging ca. DM 200. Mainly for graduates and undergraduates, but senior 6th form students considered for admission. Write Akademisches Auslandsamt, Bonn, Koblenzer Strasse 24, Germany.

FOR high grade secretarial posts or verbatim reporting in up-to-date organisations, learn Palantype (Machine Shorthand). Invaluable where scientific, technical, medical and legal terms, or foreign languages are used. Easy to learn. Telephone for demonstration or write for prospectus of day and evening courses. The Palantype College, 229/231 High Holborn, WC1. Telephone: HOLborn 9162/3.

TUITION by Post for GCE, Lond Univ. Degrees, Diplomas, Law, Profess. exams. Mod. fees. Prosp. (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford. (Est. 1894).

INTENSIVE Secretarial Courses. Gregg & Pitman Shorthand. Frances King Secretarial School, 1a Harrington Road, London, SW7. KEN. 4771.

SECRETARIAL Training especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write: Organising Secy., Davies's, 158 Holland Park Ave, W11. PARk 4654.

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1766.

POST-GRADUATE COURSE OF TEACHER TRAINING

Avery Hill Training College is near the border of London and Kent, within 45 minutes journey of Charing Cross. It is situated in a park and has extensive private gardens and playing fields. It is a constituent college of the University of London Institute of Education and provides courses of teacher training for about 600 men and women.

From September 1962 the college will offer a one-year post-graduate course of training for men and women graduates intending to teach in primary and secondary (including grammar) schools. Students will be prepared for the Post-graduate Certificate in Education (London). Residence in college may be available.

Application forms, with details of grants and allowances, may be obtained from the Principal, (FE.6/N/3086/11), Avery Hill Training College, Bexley Road, Eltham, SE9.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

PRIVATE Tuition (Shorthand/Typing). Mabel Eyles. Tel.: ENTerprise 3324

MRS Lowe's intensive, individual, tuition in shorthand, typing, book-keeping, particularly for graduates and older students. Phone HAM. 7816.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages, School of English for Foreign Nationals, Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

FRENCH Conversation Classes. Day, evening and lunch-time classes. Private lessons Beginners to Advanced, all with French teachers. Correspondence courses. Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Road, London, WC2 (opp. Garrick Theatre). (TRA. 2044).

ITALIAN lessons by expd native teacher; speedy results guaranteed. Box 6721.

SPANISH, Italian, French, German. Small classes for beginners, intermediate, and advanced. Pronunciation with tape recorders. International Language Centre, 40 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1. GER. 9441.

FRENCH lady Hampstead gives tuition. Beginners, ordinary, and advanced level conversation etc. Phone SWI. 2990.

LEARN rapidly French, German, English etc. West London Language Centre, 316 Old Brompton Road, SW5. FRE. 3420.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

IMMIGRATION: a pamphlet sizing up the problem. 'Studies on Immigration from the Commonwealth: No. 1, Basic Statistics'; from The Economist Intelligence Unit, Press Department, 5 Bury St, London, SW1, price 1s. Cash with orders, please.

'TOWARDS World Government – How Britain can Lead', a new pamphlet by Frank Beswick, published by London Cooperative Society, Political Committee, 348 Gray's Inn Road, London, WC1, 1s. each (post 1s. 2½d.), 9s. dozen.

'PARLIAMENTARY Affairs', Autumn issue includes Viscount Amory on 'Preparing the Budget' and Peter Bromhead on Wedgwood Benn. Annual subscription 30s. Hansard Society, 79 Petty France, SW1.

'WORLD Peace', The Journal of International Pacifism. Quarterly. Two years – $4 00 Post Office Box 6537S, Atlanta 15, Georgia, USA.

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OPERA AND BALLET

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
Covent Garden, WC2.

COVENT GARDEN OPERA
20, 22 & 24 Nov. at 7.30 The Silent Woman
23 Nov. at 7.0 Aida

THE ROYAL BALLET
21 Nov. at 7.30 Ondine
25 Nov. at 2.15 & 7.30 La Fille Mal Gardée

Box Office Tel.: COV. 1066.

OPERA Circle, Sun. 26 Nov., 8 p.m. In the Crush Bar, Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2. 'The Silent Woman' by Richard Strauss. Intro. by Arthur Jacobs; illustrated by Barbara Holt, David Ward, Joseph Ward. At the piano Norman Feasey. Details: Hon. Sec., 69 Kensington Court, W8. WES. 7513.

THEATRES

APOLLO. GER. 2663. Evgs 8, S. 5 & 8, Th. 2.30. A Whistle in the Dark. 'The stage blazes with danger', K. Tynan, Observer, 'See it for yourself', New Statesman.

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Evgs 8, Sat. 5 & 8. 'The Cupboard'. Members.

MERMAID. (CITy 7656). Sherriff's 'The Long Sunset'. 6 & 8.40.

PRINCES. TEM. 6596. 7.30, Thurs, Sat., 5.15 & 8.30. Polish State Jewish Theatre in Yiddish Plays. Baruch of Amsterdam, A Goldfaden Dream, Sender Blank, Tevye Der Milchiger. Season must end Sat., 25 Nov.

ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745. 7.30, Sat. 5 & 8.15. Until 18 Nov., 'That's Us'. Wed. 22 Nov., 'The Keep' by Gwyn Thomas.

TOWER, N1. (CAN. 3475 9-6, CAN. 5111 6-8.30). Von Kleist's 'Penthesilea' adapted by Neil Curry. 17, 18 (Mems 19 at 7), 22-25 Nov. at 7.30.

UNITY, EUS. 8391. Sun. 19 Nov. only. 'Damn Proud Fellow'. Negro Poems. With Lloyd Reckord, Pearl Nunez, Leo Carera, Tommy Eytle. 7.45 p.m. Comm. Fri. 24 Nov. 'And Him Stretched'. Mems.

VANBRUGH Theatre, Malet St, WC1. 'Ivanov' by Anton Chekhov. 22, 25 Nov. at 2.30 and 7.30; 23, 24 Nov. at 7.30. Admission free.

CONCERTS

ASIAN MUSIC CIRCLE
(President: Yehudi Menuhin)

I. 'One of the Indian Dance sensations of our time' (Daily Telegraph)

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and her musicians

Classical and folk dances of India, 24 Nov. 7.30 p.m., St Pancras Town Hall, Euston Road, NW1. Tickets: Members 2s. 6d., 4s., 6s. and 10s. Guests 5s., 8s., 10s. and 15s.

II. Two SAROD RECITALS. SRIMATI SHARAN RANI (leading lady sarod-player), CHATUR LAL (tabla), 8 & 12 Dec. 7.30 p.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., London, WC1.

Price reductions for Ballet Clubs, Schools and Parties. Tickets at the door one hour before performance, or any time beforehand from Hon. Sec., AMC, 44 Fitzalan Road, London, N3. (FIN. 2934).

Sunday 19 November at 7 p.m.
Mermaid Theatre, Blackfriars
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The Ambrosian Singers and Players
Music by Isaac, Striggio, Monteverdi, Sandrin, Cabezon, Purcell.
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ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). Margot Fonteyn in 'The Royal Ballet' (U) in colour.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until 19 Nov.: Becker's 'Le Trou' (A). The Maxim Gorki Trilogy. From 20 Nov.: 'The Childhood of Maxim Gorki' (A).

'TWELVE Angry Men', WEA Film Show at French Institute, Queensberry Place, SW7, tonight, Fri., 7.45 p.m. with 'The Gripping Beast' and tomorrow Sat. 7 p.m. with 'The Little Island'. Admission 2s. 6d.

UNITY, EUS. 5391. Social with Entertainment and Band. Sat. 18 Nov. 8-12 p.m. 3s. 6d. Mems.

DANCE. International Friendship League, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sat. 18 Nov. 7.30-11 p.m. Tickets 4s. 6d.

EXHIBITIONS

THE LINCOLN GALLERY

ALEXANDER CALDER

The Gouaches

SLOANE STREET, SW1.

AUTUMN Exhibition of paintings by members of the Finsbury Art Group. Finsbury Central Library, Skinner St, EC1 (nr Town Hall, Rosebery Ave), Mon. 13 Nov.-Sat. 25 Nov. Mon.-Fri. 9-8; Sats 9-5. Admission free.

LEICESTER Galleries. November Exhibitions: new paintings by Pierre Lesieur, small pictures and metal reliefs by André Bicat and a selection of paintings, drawings, sculpture by Modern Masters. Leicester Square. 10-5.30, Sats 10-1. Until 22 Nov.

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. Sculpture and Picture Fair 1961. Works by Arp, Chadwick, Piper. Admission free. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1.

GALLERY Six. Six St Christopher's Place, Wigmore Street. Opening 20 Nov. Selected Modern Paintings, Engravings, and Lithographs under £30. Mon.-Fri. 10-5.30.

RAWINSKY Gallery, 10 Newburgh St, W1. Christmas Show of Original Works by Twenty Artists, between £6 and £60. Open till 8 Thursdays.

LEIGHTON House Art Gallery, 12 Holland Pk Rd, W14. Paintings & Drawings by Michael Harvey. Mon. 20 Nov.-Sat. 2 Dec. Weekdays 11-6, Sats 11-5. Adm. free.

MOLTON Gallery – Robyn Denny – recent paintings. 15 Nov.-9 Dec. 44 South Molton St, W1. Daily 10-6. Sats 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St George Street, W1. Vasarely – Recent Paintings. Until 25 Nov. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

DRIAN Galleries, 5-7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Until 31 November. Yugoslav Artists. Sculpture by Bakic; Paintings by Picelj; Drawings by Petrovic.

AMERICAN Folk Art, 20 Nov. through Dec. USIS Gallery, American Embassy, Grosvenor Sq., W1. Mon.-Fri. 9-6, Sat. 1-5.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Charles Blackman – Paintings and Drawings. Daily 10-.5.30. Sats 10-1. Until 25 November. 142 New Bond Street, W1.

NEW London Gallery, 17/18 Old Bond St. (GRO. 6755). Lynn Chadwick – First major London Exhibition for 10 years. Daily 10-5, Sats 10-12. Admission free.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680. Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Admission Free.

MODERN Jewellery. 800 pieces from 32 countries at International Exhibition of Modern Jewellery (1890-1961), Goldsmiths' Hall, Foster Lane, Cheapside, EC2. Daily 10.30-6.30 (Not Sundays) 26 Oct.-2 Dec. Adm. 3s. 6d. (Students 1s. 6d.).

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. Paintings by Henry Sanders. Daily 10-5.30, Thurs. 10-1, Sat. 10-7.

MARLBOROUGH, 39 Old Bond St, W1. (HYD. 6195). 'French Landscapes'. Bonnard, Cézanne, Monet, Pissarro, Renoir, Van Gogh, etc. In aid of British ORT. Adm. 2s. 6d., students 1s. Daily 10-5, Sats 10-12.

WADDINGTON Galleries, recent paintings by Kit Barker. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1. 2 Cork Street, W1

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St, W1. Pottery & Sculpture by Denise & Rosemary Wren. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1. 14 November-2 December.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Derek Hill: A retrospective exhibition of paintings and drawings 1938-1961. 23 November to 31 December. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays and 23 to 26 December inclusive. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

LARIONOV and Goncharova. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 16 Dec., Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues, Thurs, 10-8. Admission 2s. 6d.

CRANE Kalman Gallery, 178 Brompton Road, SW3: 19th & 20th Century Paintings – Vlaminck, Marquet, Van Dongen, Utrillo, Soutine, Dufy, Jawlensky, Ernst, etc. 10-7, Saturday 10-4.

HAMPSTEAD Art Cellar, 1 Heath Street, corner of Perrins Walk, NW3. Ishbel McWhirter – recent paintings and drawings, 20 Nov.-16 Dec. Open weekdays 1-5.30 p.m. Saturdays 10 a.m.-1 p.m.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. Mosaics by Laurel Cooper. Paintings by Raymond Fawcett and Leonard Wyatt. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1. Till 2 December 1961.

EPSTEIN: Memorial Exhibition. Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 17 Dec. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6, Tues., Thurs. 10-8, Sun. 2-6. Admission 3s. 6d.

UPPER Grosvenor Galleries 19 Upper Grosvenor Street, W1. HYDe Park 3091. From 7 Nov. to 30 Nov. inclusive. Simon Segal Paintings. Also the 42 originals of Segal's splendid Biblical Gouaches.

'NUDES of Jean Straker' – Photography 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

FILM VIEWING SESSION

Saturday, 25 November, 2.30 to 8 p.m.
Friends House, Euston Rd, NW1.

Première of SCIENCE FOR LIFE (directed to Science scholars) and first film version of SAN FRANCISCO TO MOSCOW MARCH; LET MY PEOPLE GO (Apartheid); THE UNFORGOTTEN (Congo); LANGUAGE OF FACES (Gold Medal, Bergamo 1961); WE ARE THE LAMBETH BOYS etc. Admission 2s. 6d., tea 1s. 6d. with s.a.e. from Friends Peace Committee, above address.

FABIAN SOCIETY and CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY
FABIAN AUTUMN LECTURES
Wednesday 22 November, 7.15 p.m.
Livingstone Hall, Tothill Street, SW1.
THE EXISTING ALTERNATIVES
Raymond Williams

Front rows 4s., other seats 2s. 6d.

Tickets from Lectures Secretary, 11 Dartmouth Street, SW1. (WHI. 3077).

LONDON New Left Review Club Day School, Sat., 25 Nov. 10 a.m. and 2 p.m. ACTT, 2 Soho Sq. Socialism and the World Revolution – anti-colonialism, underdevelopment, neutralism. Speakers: Robert Cassen, John Rex, Peter Worsley. Admission 3s. 6d. (or 2s. per session).

COMMITTEE of 100 Seminar on non-violence. 8 p.m. Kensington Central Library, Campden Hill Road, W8. Admission 1s. 6d. 20 Nov. Economic decentralisation and workers' control – Colin Ward. 27 Nov. Psychology of violence and non-violence – James Henderson.

'PLANET Earth' – Three more films in this unusual and informative series on the geophysical sciences. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Wednesday, 22 Nov., 6.30 p.m. Adm. free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

PERSONALIST Group. Bernard Williams on 'Linguistic Philosophy & Moral Aims'. Conway Hall, Wed. 22 Nov., 7.30 p.m.

UNIVERSITY of London: The John Coffin Memorial Lecture, entitled 'Mediaeval Love-Song', will be delivered by Sir Maurice Bowra at 5.30 p.m. on 28 November at the University of London, Senate House, WC1. Admn free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Saturday 18 November, 10 a.m. Visit to the Wolson Institute, du Cane Road, W12. Wednesday 22 November at 6 p.m., Private View – Sculpture and Picture Fair. Admission free to members and guests.

UNILATERALISM – for and against. For: Canon Stanley Evans, Canon E. F. Carpenter; against: Canon T. R. Milford, Rear Admiral Buzzard. Chairman: Dr Donald Soper. Kingsway Hall, WC2. 7.30 p.m. Thursday 23 November. Adm. free.

DOSTOEVSKY Anniversary Meeting, Chairman – Richard Church CBE. Soviet and British speakers. 2.45 p.m. on Saturday 18 November 1961 at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London, WC1 (near Holborn Underground Station). Tickets 3s. 6d. (including tea) obtainable at the door or in advance from the Secretary, The Great Britain-USSR Assocn, 43 Parliament St, London, SW1. (Tel. WHI. 5250/3342).

UNIVERSITY College London, Gower St, WC1. Lunch Hour Lectures, 1.15-2. Admission free. 21 Nov. 'Pepys, Swift, Boswell, and the Intimate Journal' by Professor James R. Sutherland; 23 Nov. 'Jeremy Bentham and University College' by Dr J. H. Burns.

'LE Théâtre Français d'Aujourd'hui: Miroir d'une Saison' by M. Robert Kanters. Institut Français, Queensberry Pl., SW7. Tues. 21 Nov., 8.15 p.m. Adm. free.

CRITICS' Choice – The New Jewish Society, Wed. 22 November at 83 Chiltern St, W1, at 8 p.m. Adm. to guests 2s. 6d.

'THE First Meeting of Hellenism and Christianity – Paul in Athens'. Rev. L. Gillet, 21 November, 7.30 p.m. World Congress of Faiths, 23 Norfolk Square, W2.

RUDOLF Steiner Centenary – Mercury Arts Group. Rudolf Steiner House, 35 Park Road, London, NW1 at 7.15 p.m. Art and Education, by L. F. Edmunds. Mon. 20 Nov. 1961. Admn 2s. Students 1s.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 17 Nov., 8 p.m. Herbert Marshall: 'Mayakovsky and his poetry – a new translation'. At Pushkin House, 46 Ladbroke Grove, W11. Sat., Sun. 25-26 Nov., 3-8 p.m. Christmas Bazaar, opening at 4 p.m. Sat. by Madame Marie Rambert. Russian books, toys, antiques, novelties. Russian buffet, songs & dances. Mon. 20 Nov. 8 p.m., Talk by V. Ya. Kirpotin of USSR Writers' Union.

SHAW Society. Fri. 24 Nov. at National Book League, Albemarle St, W1, at 7.30 p.m. Laurence Irving on 'Irving and Shaw'.

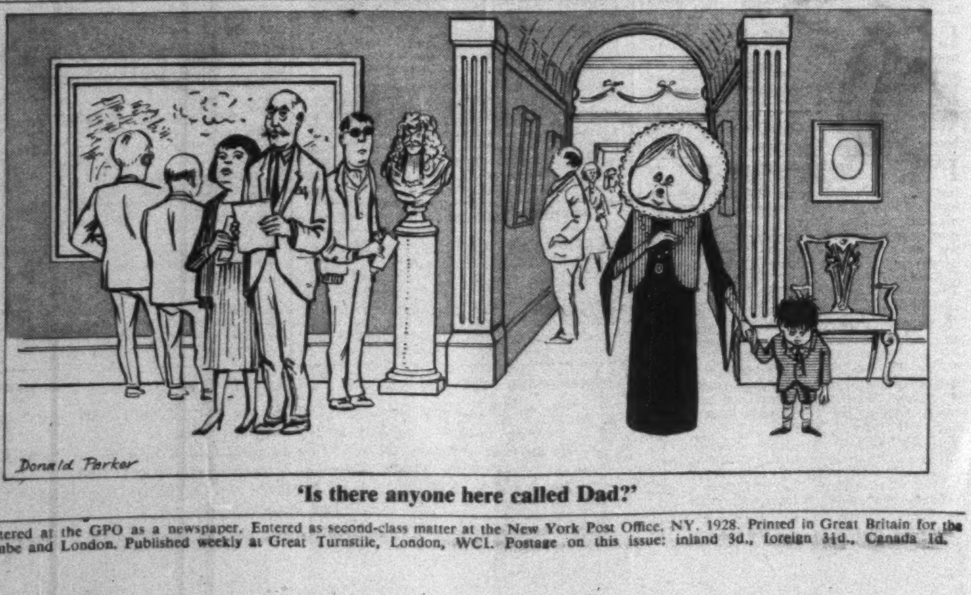
TONIGHT, 17 Nov. Caxton Hall, 7 p.m. 'The Caravan', international friendship movement, discusses Biochemics.

LISTENING Meetings. Lecture/Demonstration by Dr Rachel Pinney. Dorking, Masonic Hall, Mon. 20 Nov.; Sevenoaks, Cornwall Hall, The Drive 7.30 Tues. 21 Nov.; Norbury, The Library, Beatrice Avenue 7.30, Mon. 27 Nov.; St Albans, Court House 7.30, Thur. 30 Nov.; Coventry, Friends Meeting House, Hill St, Mon. 4 Dec.; Romford, The Lorry Hall, Market Place 7.30, Thur. 21 Dec.

'HAS Britain an Achilles Heel?' D. G. Stewart-Smith, Tues. 21 Nov., 7.45, Alliance Hall, Palmer St, Caxton St, SW1. British Movement for Freedom in Russia.

LONDON NLR Club, Mon. 20 Nov., 8 p.m. Members' Meeting. Partisan.

LECTURES etc.—continued on p.767



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